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The Bethel News.

VOLUME VII.—NUMBER 49.

BETHEL, MAINE, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1902.

PRICE THREE CENTS.

Ready-to-Wear SKIRTS.

Don't you need a new black Skirt to wear with Shirt Waists this Spring? You should visit our Skirt Department before having one made and see what a pretty Skirt you can get in the latest styles, for a little money. We can fit nearly anyone, but if a Skirt needs altering we do it in our Dressmaking rooms free of charge.

ONE LOT light weight Broadcloth, graduated flounce, headed with stitched Moire silk band, bottom corded, one of the latest trims.
Only \$3.98.

ONE LOT good quality Cheviot, scalloped top, graduated flounce, headed with one wide and three narrow Taffeta bands, Mercerized lining.
Only \$5.50.

ONE LOT Broadcloth, graduated flounce, trimmed with three Satin bands at head of flounce and three at bottom, with a point on the seams.
Only \$5.98.

Also a full line of Walking Skirts.

ONE LOT in light and Oxford grey, graduated flounce, scalloped at top, and stitched, very pretty.
Only \$5.00.

THOMAS SMILEY,
Norway, Maine.

Eastern Telephone Connection.

Are You Going To School?

Then you will want to see our new stock of
**Tablets and Note Books,
Spelling Tablets, Pencil
Boxes and Other School
Supplies**

L. C. HALL,
Bethel, Maine.

Improvement of Common.
SUBSCRIPTION PAPER TO DATE.
We, the undersigned citizens of Bethel, and others interested in village improvement, severally promise to pay to Annie M. Frye, treasurer of the Columbian Club of Bethel, the sum of money set opposite our respective names, for the purpose of buying a suitable fountain for the Common, and settings necessary for the same; also other desired improvements for beautifying said Common.

Payment to be made on or before July 1, 1902.
G. A. Hastings.
D. S. Hastings.
W. W. Hastings.
Ceylon Rowe.
J. G. Gehring.
Marion True Gehring.
E. S. Kilborn.
A. E. Herriok.
Calvin Bisbee.
G. P. Bean.
F. B. Tuell.
A. T. Rowe.
J. U. Purington.
Ira C. Jordan.
E. E. Whitney.
Seth Walker.
J. M. Philbrook.
Elmer H. Young.
Moses Mason.
Total amount, \$645.00

Heartfelt Thanks.
To the many friends who so kindly aided us during the sickness and burial of our loved one, we wish to extend our heartfelt thanks. May the God of the widow and fatherless send you just such friends in your hour of need.

ADA A. WIGHT,
WALTER T. WIGHT,
LESLIE E. WIGHT.

THE NEWS ABOUT TOWN

ITEMS OF INTEREST PICKED UP BY THE NEWS MAN.

Black Rock.
Our new serial.
Chapter one. Page 2.

Mr. I. W. Ames returned to Bethel, last week.

Dayton Merrill visited in South Paris, Thursday.

H. P. Wheeler of Gilead, was in town over Sunday.

J. J. Field of Stoneham, was in our village Monday.

Miss Nellie Preble has gone to Woodstock to teach.

Mr. Moses Mason recently sold a lot of land to Eli Barker.

Mrs. Warren Emery is teaching the spring term of school in Grafton.

Miss Hattie Foster has returned from an extended visit in Waltham, Mass.

We aim to get all the news. If you know of any items that you think would interest the readers of the News. Send them in and rest assured that they will be appreciated.

Miss Joan Stearns has returned to Bethel after several months' absence.

Mrs. Cross, widow of the late Moses Cross, is quite ill at this writing.

Albert C. Eames was home from Sebago and spent Sunday at his old home.

Mrs. O. M. Mason and little granddaughter visited in Berlin, N. H., yesterday.

Miss Marguerite Finney who has been visiting in town, returned to Norway, Monday.

Miss Ethel Farwell who is teaching at North Newry, spent Saturday and Sunday at home.

Mrs. Eva Fox is spending a few days with her children in this village.

Mr. and Mrs. B. C. Burbank of Shelburne, N. H., were in town Sunday.

The Ladies' Club will meet with Mrs. F. S. Chandler, Thursday afternoon.

Services will be resumed as usual at the Universalist church next Sunday.

Miss Alice Billings returned last week from a month's visit in Massachusetts.

Mrs. D. S. Hastings is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Mabel Skinner, in Dorchester, Mass.

Rev. F. E. Barton will preach at the Union church, West Bethel, next Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

Miss Rose Kimball has returned to the News office, after spending a week at her home in East Bethel.

We are glad to see Dr. Morton out of doors again. He is able to be around to some extent and walks up street on pleasant days.

The G. A. base ball team will play the Leavitt Institute team at Riverside Park, Saturday, May 3. Game at 1 p. m. Everybody invited.

The selectmen of Bethel have issued their warrant to constable H. C. Barker, commanding him to kill all dogs not licensed and collared according to law. Look out for the officer and his gun.

Rev. O. L. Stone, who filled the pastorate at Locke's Mills, last year, has moved his family to the home of his father, Josiah Stone, in Norway, where they will reside for the present, as his parents are in need of his care.

J. P. Skillings has bought the farms of Freeman Farrar and Geo. Grover near Redding, in the town of Sumner, and will erect a birch mill there at once. This will furnish Mr. Skillings with an immense supply of stock for his spool mill in this town.

Miss Angie Chapman who has been visiting friends in Bath for the past few weeks, has returned home.

Miss Edith Grover was home from Portland, and spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Grover.

Mr. Arthur Wiley who has been spending a week at home, returned to the Medical School in Portland, this morning.

The W. C. T. U. will meet with Mrs. Billings, Tuesday, May 6. The members will take notice that this will be the annual meeting.

The amount subscribed toward the Common improvement fund is \$645, instead of \$1175 as reported last week; would it were the latter.

Mrs. E. T. Russell, accompanied by her daughter, Shirley and Miss Mary Shirley, are expected to arrive at their summer home, Riverside Cottage, Thursday.

The friends of Mr. Geo. H. Shirley of Brooklyn will be pleased to learn that he has so far recovered from the severe illness of the winter, as to be able to attend church.

The annual meeting of the Bethel Library Association will be held at the Library, Monday evening, May 5, at 7 o'clock. All patrons are cordially invited to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. Currier of Lawrence, Mass., are the guests of Miss Alice Billings. They have been spending a short time in Canada and return via G. T. R. to visit Bethel.

The Columbian Club will meet Friday with Mrs. H. H. Bean. Members will please send their choice of officers for the ensuing year to Miss Ruby Clark before this date.

If those who heard Mr. Cummings on "Sunshine," at the M. E. church a few years ago will please tell their friends how they enjoyed the lecture, we will have a well filled house, Monday night. Suppose you do it.

Mr. Walton Wight who has been ill for several years, died at his home on Vernon St., last Saturday morning. The funeral occurred at his late residence, Monday afternoon, Rev. O. S. Pillsbury of the M. E. church, officiating.

At the meeting of the Congregational Sunday school held Tuesday evening at Garland chapel, the following officers were elected:

Supt.—E. C. Bowler.
Ass't Supt.—Mrs. J. U. Purington.
Sec. and Treas.—Daisy Dixon.
Librarian—Dan Smith.
Ass't Librarian—Harry Purington.
Ex. Com.—H. A. Packard and Mrs. Angella Clark.

H. F. Maxim, one of our subscribers who resides on the southern slope of Bird Hill, is fast becoming one of the leading small fruit growers in this part of the State. In 1901 he raised 131 bushels of strawberries, 583 of raspberries, 15 of currants, and 46 of blackberries. It may be interesting to know that his receipts were: For strawberries, \$491.10; raspberries, \$2033.53; blackberries, \$107.07; currants, \$19.22. Mr. Maxim does not confine himself to fruit growing, however, as he harvested 500 bushels of potatoes last fall.

The Ladies' Circle of Middle Intervale was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. John Howe on Friday evening, April 25. A party of between forty and fifty were present. The early part of the evening was spent in the playing of games by the young people. At nine o'clock refreshments were served, after which a short but pleasing program was given, consisting of music, select reading and recitations. On Friday evening, May 9, the circle will be entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Eames.

May Basket Social.

Come to the Universalist chapel next Friday evening, for the usual ten cent supper. As the May basket season has arrived as well as the "moving" season, we will give all a chance to "snip" for a May basket. Baskets of all shapes, sizes, and colors will be on the line and "blindfold" in attendance. We hope to give the patrons the pleasure of seeing the weaving of the May pole. Admission to social, 5 cents.

BUSINESS POINTERS.

Business Readers will be published in this column at eight cents per line, reckoning six words to the line.

A. W. Grover has recently purchased of E. S. Kilborn three house lots on Chapman street and has opened up the same for a gravel pit. Gravel can be obtained of Mr. Grover in any quantity desired at 15 cents per load.

Tickets for the lecture 25c. Students, 15c.

Calvin Bisbee reminds the farmers that they should sow clean oats. See his ad. in another column.

Read "Black Rock." Only 25c with the rest of the News thrown in.

A full year's subscription to your local paper is only \$1.25 you know. Can you not afford it?

Correspondents.—Are you doing your best? If not, will you please? We want all the news from all the towns and districts. If there is no correspondent in your district, can you not suggest one.

NOT EXACTLY A BANQUET.

But a Genuine Feast Is Assured to All Who Partake Thereof.

The social committee of Y.P.S. C. E. are able to state definitely, at this time, what they propose to do concerning the third of the series of entertainments which has long been due. Sickness and other unavoidable circumstances have made the delay necessary, hence no farther excuse need be in order.

The third of the series was to have been a banquet, but there seems to be a legitimate reason why this gives way to something else, and that something will be a lecture on the subject: Sense, Sentiment and Superstition, by Rev. Chas. S. Cummings of Auburn, and will be given at the Congregational church, next Monday evening.

Rev. Mr. Cummings has long been recorded among Maine's most able, interesting and witty speakers. Several years ago he delivered a lecture on "Sunshine" at the Bethel M. E. church. And we will venture that the sun has "shined" into the life of every person who was fortunate enough to hear that lecture every time he has thought of it since. We will also venture the statement that there never was another lecture delivered in Bethel that has remained in the minds of those who heard it as has this one.

You should hear Mr. Cummings. He is almost a Bethel boy, as many will remember him as a former student of Gould's Academy, and one, too, of whom the school may well feel proud. Those who come for the sublime will get it, and those seeking the ridiculous will not be obliged to go away empty handed. Those who enjoy laughing will get a rare treat, and those who reserve their laughing powers for extraordinary occasions will discover that the controlling muscles are absolutely involuntary. Mr. Cummings' lectures are very helpful, impressive, and inspiring, and have a vein of wit and humor running through them which gives a flavor that all are quick to appreciate and sure to enjoy.

The price is 25c to all but students, who will be admitted for 15c. Inasmuch as the price of admission is 10c, or nearly that, less than the amount paid for the banquet ticket in the course, this amount will be refunded to the holders of such banquet tickets if they will make themselves known at the door. Let everybody come and bring their neighbors and friends.

The Merchant's National Bank, Chicago, about to consolidate with the Corn Exchange Bank, presented farewell gifts to its fifty clerks aggregating between \$70,000 and \$80,000. The most fortunate employee found a check for \$12,000 and the next largest gift was \$3000. Few received less than several hundred dollars.

The Cost of Production

In the manufacture of Watches, has been greatly reduced in the past twenty years, and constant improvements have made the watch of to-day vastly superior to that our fathers carried, while the price is much cheaper.

If you are interested in watches call and get my prices.

Watches from \$1.00 up.

Edward King
JEWELER-OPTICIAN

BETHEL, MAINE.

Get Your Photographs

E. C. Vandenkerckhoven.
ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHER,
Special Discount to Academy Students.

BETHEL, MAINE.

Livery Business For Sale.

The Livery business of the late **GEORGE A. PLAISTED,** of Bethel, is now for sale, consisting of

**Horses, Carriages,
Harness, Robes, Etc.**

For full particulars, inquire of or address

Harry Plaisted,
BETHEL, ME.

Saving's Bank Free

SEND YOUR ADDRESS TO THE New England Newspaper Club, 15 State Street, Boston, Mass., and secure free, a beautiful Nickel Saving's Bank, also full particulars regarding the new **THREE VOLUME 1902 INTERNATIONAL ENCYCLOPAEDIC DICTIONARY** which is now being furnished to readers of this paper for only Five Cents a Day.

Notice.
The Republican voters of the classed Representative District composed of Bethel, Mason, Gilead, Hanover, Andover, Byron, Roxbury, Newry, Grafton, Upton, Magalloway and Lincoln Plantations, Batchelder's Grant and all unorganized places, are requested to meet in mass convention, at Odeon Hall, Bethel, on Saturday afternoon, May 10, 1902, at 2 o'clock, for the purpose of choosing a Republican District Committee to serve during the ensuing term, and to make apportionment or division of the ten-year period giving the right to name the district's candidate for representative for the five succeeding terms to such towns of the district as the convention may vote. Also to transact any other business relative to the district organization and the calling of future conventions.
ELDERY C. PARK, Chairman,
J. U. PURINGTON, Secretary,
Republican Town Committee.
Bethel, Me., April 26, 1902.

BUSINESS CARDS.

MISS E. E. BURNHAM,
Millinery, Fancy Goods and Jewelry,
BETHEL, ME.

HERRICK & PARK,
Attorneys at Law,
BETHEL, ME.

H. H. HASTINGS,
Attorney-at-Law,
Bethel, Me.

A. W. GROVER,
Pension Attorney,
28 Main St., BETHEL, MAINE,
Office days the last three of each week.

J. B. TWADDELE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
BETHEL, ME.
Office and Residence at
E. E. Holt's on Chapman Street.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE.
DR. GARDINER L. STURDIVANT,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office opposite P.O. BETHEL.

F. E. LESLIE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
ANDOVER, MAINE.

DR. I. H. WIGHT,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office opposite Post Office, BETHEL, ME.

HERRICK BROTHERS,
MACHINISTS,
Bicycle Repairing,
Fine Machine Work
a Specialty.
W. BETHEL,
ME.

New Line
—OF—
Ladies' and Gents' Boots, Shoes,
and Rubbers.
Shoe Dressings of all kinds.
Rubber and Leather Cement.
Sole Leather by the side.
Crocheted Slipper Soles.
Repairing promptly attended to.

E. E. RANDALL,
MAIN ST., BETHEL.

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Time Table in Effect December 11, 1901.

TRAINS GOING EAST.			
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Island Pond, leave,	2.30	6.30	1.15
Gorham,	4.34	8.20	3.14
Gilead,	...	8.33	3.37
West Bethel,	...	8.47	3.49
BETHEL, arrive,	5.14	8.53	3.58
Lockes Mills,	...	9.00	4.03
Bryant Pond,	5.30	9.05	4.16
South Paris,	6.03	9.30	4.44
Lewiston,	7.05	10.30	5.35
Portland,	8.00	11.15	6.30

TRAINS GOING WEST.			
	A. M.	P. M.	P. M.
Portland, leave,	8.15	1.30	8.00
Lewiston,	9.00	2.30	7.05
South Paris,	10.00	3.38	8.00
Bryant Pond,	10.28	4.16	8.40
Lockes Mills,	10.35	4.28	8.50
BETHEL, arrive,	10.46	4.38	9.03
West Bethel,	10.54	4.46	9.13
Gilead,	11.05	4.57	9.25
Gorham,	11.39	5.40	10.00
Island Pond,	1.30	7.50	12.20

The train which leaves Island Pond at 2.30 A. M. and the one which leaves Portland at 6.00 P. M., run every day; all others every day except Sunday. Sunday paper train leaves Portland at 7.30 A. M., arriving at Bethel 10.05 A. M., and at Berlin 11.15 A. M.

W. A. BUNTING, Agent.

ROSE ALMOND CREAM.

A toilet luxury. Makes the skin smooth, soft and white.

Those who use it pronounce it the best toilet cream made.

Prepared and Sold only by

F. A. SHURTLEFF & CO.,
SOUTH PARIS, MAINE.

CALL AT

R. E. L. FARWELL'S.

and see
what you can find
that is

good to eat.

If you don't see what you want,
ask for it

WISCONSIN FOR
CURED WHILE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup, Throat Lozenges,
In Home, Sold by Druggists.

BLACK ROCK

By
RALPH
CONNOR

CHAPTER I.

CHRISTMAS EVE IN A LUMBER CAMP.

IT was due to a mysterious dispensation of Providence and a good deal to Leslie Graeme that I found myself in the heart of the Selkirk for my Christmas eve as the year 1882 was dying. It had been my plan to spend my Christmas far away in Toronto with such bohemian and boon companions as could be found in that cosmopolitan and kindly city. But Leslie Graeme changed all that, for, discovering me in the village of Black Rock, with my traps all packed, waiting for the stage to start for the Landing, thirty miles away, he bore down upon me with resistless force, and I found myself recovering from my surprise only after we had gone in his lumber sleigh some six miles on our way to his camp up in the mountains. I was surprised and much delighted, though I would not allow him to think so, to find that his old time power over me was still there. He could always in the old varsity days—dear, wild days—make me do what he liked. He was so handsome and so reckless, brilliant in his class work and the prince of halfbacks on the Rugby field and with such power of fascination as would "extract the heart out of a wheelbarrow," as Barney Lundy used to say. And thus it was that I found myself just three weeks later—I was to have spent two or three days—on the afternoon of the 24th of December, standing in Graeme's Lumber Camp No. 2, wondering at myself. But I did not regret my changed plans, for in those three weeks I had raided a cinnamon bear's den and had wakened up a grizzly. But I shall let the grizzly finish the tale. He probably sees more humor in it than I.

The camp stood in a little clearing and consisted of a group of three long, low shanties, with smaller shacks near them, all built of heavy, unwhewn logs, with door and window in each. The grub camp, with cook shed attached, stood in the middle of the clearing; at a little distance was the sleeping camp with the office built against it, and about a hundred yards away on the other side of the clearing stood the stables and near them the smiddy. The mountains rose grandly on every side, throwing up their great peaks into the sky. The clearing in which the camp stood was hewn out of a dense pine forest that filled the valley and climbed half way up the mountain sides and then frayed out in scattered and stunted trees.

It was one of those wonderful Canadian winter days, bright and with a touch of sharpness in the air that did not chill, but warmed the blood like drafts of wine. The men were up in the woods, and the shrill scream of the bluejay flashing across the open, the impudent chatter of the red squirrel from the top of the grub camp and the pert chirp of the whisky jack hopping about on the rubbish heap, with the long, lone cry of the wolf far down the valley, only made the silence felt the more.

As I stood drinking in with all my soul the glorious beauty and silence of mountain and forest, with the Christmas feeling stealing into me, Graeme came out from his office and, catching sight of me, called out, "Glorious Christmas weather, old chap!" and then, coming nearer, "Must you go to-morrow?"

"I fear so," I replied, knowing well that the Christmas feeling was on him too.

"I wish I were going with you," he said quietly.

I turned eagerly to persuade him, but at the look of suffering in his face the words died on my lips, for we both were thinking of the awful night of horror when all his bright, brilliant life crashed down about him in black ruin and shame. I could only throw my arm over his shoulder and stand silent beside him. A sudden jingle of bells roused him and, giving himself a little shake, he exclaimed:

"There are the boys coming home." Soon the camp was filled with men talking, laughing, chaffing, like light-hearted boys.

"They are a little wild tonight," said Graeme, and tomorrow they'll paint Black Rock red.

Before many minutes had gone the last teamster was "washed up" and all were standing about waiting, impatiently for the cook's signal—the supper tonight was to be "something of a feed"—when the sound of bells drew their attention to a light sleigh drawn by a buckskin broncho coming down the hillside at a great pace.

"The preacher, I'll bet, by his driving," said one of the men.

"Bedad, and it's him has the folpe nose for turkey," said Blaney, a good natured, jovial Irishman.

"Yes, or for pay day, more like," said Keefe, a black-browed, villainous fellow countryman of Blaney's and, strange to say, his great friend.

Big Sandy McNaughton, a Canadian highlander from Glengarry, rose up in wrath. "Bill Keefe," said he, with deliberate emphasis, "you'll just keep your dirty tongue off the minister, and as for your pay, it's little he sees of it or any one else, except Mike Slavin, when you're too dry to wait for some one to treat you, or perhaps Father,

Ryan, when the fear of hell fire is on to you."

The men stood amazed at Sandy's sudden anger and length of speech.

"Bon! Dat's good for you, my bully boy," said Baptiste, a wiry little French Canadian, Sandy's sworn ally and devoted admirer ever since the day when the big Scotsman, under great provocation, had knocked him clean off the dump into the river and then jumped in for him.

It was not till afterward I learned the cause of Sandy's sudden wrath which urged him to such unwonted length of speech. It was not simply that the Presbyterian blood carried with it reverence for the minister and contempt for papists and Penians, but that he had a vivid remembrance of how, only a month ago, the minister had got him out of Mike Slavin's saloon and out of the clutches of Keefe and Slavin and their gang of blood-suckers.

Keefe started up with a curse. Baptiste sprang to Sandy's side, slapped him on the back and called out:

"You keel him! I'll hit (eat) him up, me."

It looked as if there might be a fight when a harsh voice said in a low, savage tone:

"Stop your row, you blank fools! Settle it, if you want to, somewhere else."

I turned and was amazed to see old man Nelson, who was very seldom moved to speech.

There was a look of scorn on his hard, iron gray face and of such settled fierceness as made me quite believe the tales I had heard of his deadly fights in the mines at the coast. Before any reply could be made the minister drove up and called out in a cheery voice:

"Merry Christmas, boys! Hello, Sandy! Comment ça va, Baptiste? How do you do, Mr. Graeme?"

"First rate. Let me introduce my friend, Mr. Connor, sometime medical student, now artist, hunter and tramp at large, but not a bad sort."

"A man to be envied," said the minister, smiling. "I am glad to know any friend of Mr. Graeme's."

I liked Mr. Craig from the first. He had good eyes that looked straight out at you, a clean cut, strong face, well set on his shoulders, and altogether an upstanding, manly bearing. He insisted on going with Sandy to the stables to see Dandy, his broncho, put up.

"Decent fellow," said Graeme; "but, though he is good enough to his broncho, it is Sandy that's in his mind now."

"Does he come out often? I mean are you part of his parish, so to speak?"

"I have no doubt he thinks so, and I'm blowed if he doesn't make the Presbyterians of us think so too." And he added, after a pause: "A dandy lot of parishioners we are for any man. There's Sandy, now. He would knock Keefe's head off as a kind of religious exercise, but tomorrow Keefe will be sober, and Sandy will be drunk as a lord, and the drunker he is the better Presbyterian he'll be, to the preacher's disgust."

Then, after another pause, he added bitterly: "But it is not for me to throw rocks at Sandy. I am not the same kind of fool, but I am a fool of several other sorts."

Then the cook came out and beat a tattoo on the bottom of a dishpan. Baptiste answered with a yell; but, though keenly hungry, no man would demean himself to do other than walk with apparent reluctance to his place at the table. At the farther end of the camp was a big fireplace, and from the door to the fireplace extended the long board tables, covered with platters of turkey not too scientifically carved, dishes of potatoes, bowls of apple sauce, plates of butter, pies and smaller dishes distributed at regular intervals. Two lanterns hanging from the roof and a row of candles stuck into the wall on either side by means of slit sticks cast a dim, weird light over the scene.

There was a moment's silence, and, at a nod from Graeme, Mr. Craig rose and said:

"I don't know how you feel about it, men, but to me this looks good enough to be thankful for."

"Fire ahead, sir," called out a voice quite respectfully, and the minister bent his head and said:

"For Christ the Lord, who came to save us, for all the love and goodness we have known and for these thy gifts to us this Christmas night, our Father, make us thankful. Amen."

"Bon! Dat's fuss rate," said Baptiste: "seems lak dat's make me lit more better for sure."

And then no word was spoken for a quarter of an hour. The occasion was far too solemn and moments too precious for anything so empty as words, but when the white piles of bread and the brown piles of turkey had for a second time vanished and after the last pie had disappeared there came a pause and a hush of expectancy, whereupon the cook and cookee, each bearing aloft a huge, blazing pudding, came forth.

"Hooray!" yelled Blaney. "Up wild ye!" And, grabbing the cook by the shoulders from behind, he faced him about.

Mr. Craig was the first to respond

and seizing the cookee in the same way, called out:

"Squad, fall in! Quick march!" In a moment every man was in the procession.

"Strike up, Batchees, ye little angel!" shouted Blaney, the appellation a concession to the minister's presence, and away went Baptiste in a rollicking French song with the English chorus:

"Then blow, ye winds, in the morning, Blow, ye winds, in the morning, Blow, ye winds, in the morning, Blow, blow, blow!"

And at each "blow" every boot came down with a thump on the plank floor that shook the solid roof. After the second round Mr. Craig jumped upon the bench and called out:

"Three cheers for Billy the cook!" Baptiste was heard to say:

"Bon! Dat's mak me feel lak hit dat puddin' all bup meself, me."

"Hear till the little baste!" said Blaney in disgust.

"Batchees," remonstrated Sandy gravely, "you've more stomach than manners."

"It's sure, but de more stomach dat's more better for dis puddin'," replied the little Frenchman cheerfully.

After a time the tables were cleared and pushed back to the wall, and pipes were produced. In all attitudes suggestive of comfort the men disposed themselves in a wide circle about the fire, which now roared and crackled up the great wooden chimney hanging from the roof. The lumberman's hour of bliss had arrived. Even old man Nelson looked a shade less melancholy than usual as he sat alone, well away from the fire, smoking steadily and silently. When the second pipes were well a-going, one of the men took down a violin from the wall and handed it to Lachlan Campbell. There were two brothers Campbell just out from Argyll; typical highlanders—Lachlan, dark, silent, melancholy, with the face of a mystic, and Angus, red haired, quick, impulsive and devoted to his brother, a devotion he thought proper to cover under biting, sarcastic speech.

Lachlan after much protestation, interspersed with gibes from his brother, took the violin and, in response to the call from all sides, struck up "Lord MacDonald's Reel." In a moment the floor was filled with dancers, whooping and cracking their fingers in the wildest manner. Then Baptiste did the "Red River Jig," a most intricate and difficult series of steps, the men keeping time to the music with hands and feet.

When the jig was finished, Sandy called for "Lochaber No More," but Campbell said:

"No, no; I cannot play that tonight. Mr. Craig will play."

Craig took the violin, and at the first note I knew he was no ordinary player. I did not recognize the music, but it was soft and thrilling and got in by the heart till every one was thinking his tenderest and saddest thoughts.

After he had played two or three exquisite bits he gave Campbell his violin, saying, "Now, 'Lochaber,' Lachlan."

Without a word Lachlan began, not "Lochaber"—he was not ready for that yet—but "The Flowers of the Forest" and from that wandered through "Auld Robin Gray" and "The Land o' the Leal," and so got at last to that most soul subduing of Scottish laments, "Lochaber No More." At the first strain his brother, who had thrown himself on some blankets behind the fire, turned over on his face, feigning sleep. Sandy McNaughton took his pipe out of his mouth and sat up straight and stiff, staring into vacancy, and Graeme, beyond the fire, drew a short, sharp breath. We had often sat, Graeme and I, in our student days, in the drawing room at home, listening to his father wailing out "Lochaber" upon the pipes, and I well knew that the awful minor strains were now eating their way into his soul.

Over and over again the highlander played his lament. He had long since forgotten us and was seeing visions of the hills and lochs and glens of his far-away native land and making us, too, see strange things out of the dim past. I glanced at old man Nelson and was startled at the eager, almost piteous, look in his eyes, and I wished Campbell would stop. Mr. Craig caught my eye and, stepping over to Campbell, held out his hand for the violin. Lingeringly and lovingly the highlander drew out the last strain and silently gave the minister his instrument.

Without a moment's pause and while the spell of "Lochaber" was still upon us the minister, with exquisite skill, fell into the refrain of that simple and beautiful camp meeting hymn, "The Sweet By and By." After playing the verse through once he sang softly the refrain. After the first verse the men joined in the chorus, at first timidly, but by the time the third verse was reached they were shouting with throats full open, "We shall meet on that beautiful shore." When I looked at Nelson, the eager light had gone out of his eyes, and in its place was a kind of determined hopelessness, as if in this new music he had no part.

After the voices had ceased Mr. Craig played again the refrain, more and more softly and slowly. Then, laying the violin on Campbell's knees, he drew from his pocket his little Bible and said:

"Men, with Mr. Graeme's permission, I want to read you something this Christmas eve. You will all have heard it before, but you will like it none the less for that."

His voice was soft, but clear and penetrating as he read the eternal story of the angels and the shepherds and the Babe, and as he read a slight motion of the hand or a glance of an eye made us see, as he was seeing, that whole radiant drama. The wonder, the timid joy, the tenderness, the mystery of it all, were borne in upon us with overpowering effect. He closed the book and in the same low, clear voice went

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on to tell us how, in his home years ago, he used to stand on Christmas eve listening in thrilling delight to his mother telling him the story, and how she used to make him see the shepherds and hear the sheep bleating near by, and how the sudden burst of glory used to make his heart jump.

"I used to be a little afraid of the angels, because a boy told me they were ghosts, but my mother told me better, and I didn't fear them any more. And the Baby, the dear little Baby—we all love a baby."

"There was a quick, dry sob. It was from Nelson."

"I used to peek through under to see the little one in the straw and wonder what things swaddling clothes were. Oh, it was all so real and beautiful!"

He paused, and I could hear the men breathing.

"But one Christmas eve," he went on in a lower, sweeter tone, "there was no one to tell me the story, and I grew to forget it and went away to college and learned to think that it was only a child's tale and was not for men. Then bad days came to me, and worse, and I began to lose my grip of myself, of life, of hope, of goodness, till one black Christmas, in the slums of a far-away city, when I had given up all and the devil's arms were about me, I heard the story again, and as I listened, with a bitter ache in my heart, for I had put it all behind me, I suddenly found myself peeking under the shepherds' arms with a child's wonder at the Baby in the straw. Then it came over me like great waves that his name was Jesus, because it was he that should save men from their sins. Save! Save! The waves kept beating upon my ears, and before I knew I had called out, 'Oh, can he save me? It was in a little mission meeting on one of the side streets, and they seemed to be used to that sort of thing there, for no one was surprised, and a young fellow leaned across the aisle to me and said, 'Why, you just bet he can!' His surprise that I should doubt, his bright face and confident tone, gave me hope that perhaps it might be so. I held to that hope with all my soul, and, stretching up his arms and with a quick glow in his face and a little break in his voice, 'he hasn't failed me yet, not once, not once!'"

He stopped short, and I felt a good deal like making a fool of myself, for in those days I had not made up my mind about these things. Graeme, poor old chap, was gazing at him with a sad yearning in his dark eyes; big Sandy was sitting very stiff and staring hard at him over into the fire; Baptiste was trembling with excitement; Blaney was openly wiping the tears away. But the face that held my eyes was that of old man Nelson. It was white, fierce, hungry looking, his stink eyes burning, his lips parted as if to cry.

The minister went on: "I didn't mean to tell you this, men. It all came over me with a rush. But it is true, every word, and not a word will I take back. And, what's more, I can tell you this—what he did for me he can do for any man, and it doesn't make any difference what's behind him, and," leaning slightly forward and with a little thrill of pathos vibrating in his voice, "oh, boys, why don't you give him a chance at you? Without him you'll never be the men you want to be, and you'll never get the better of that that's keeping some of you now from going back home. You know you'll never go back till you're the men you want to be."

Then, lifting up his face and throwing back his head, he said, as if to himself, "Jesus—he shall save his people from their sins," and then, "Let us pray."

Graeme leaned forward with his face in his hands; Baptiste and Blaney dropped on their knees; Sandy, the Campbells and some others stood up. Old man Nelson held his eyes steadily on the minister.

Only once before had I seen that look

on a human face. A young fellow had broken through the ice on the river at home, and as the black water was dragging his fingers one by one from the slippery edges there came over his face that same look. I used to wake up for many a night after in a sweat of horror, seeing the white face with its parting lips and its piteous, dumb appeal and the black water slowly sucking it down.

Nelson's face brought it all back, but during the prayer the face changed and seemed to settle into resolve of some sort, stern, almost gloomy, as of a man with his last chance before him.

After the prayer Mr. Craig invited the men to a Christmas dinner next day in Black Rock. "And because you are an independent lot we'll charge you half a dollar for dinner and the evening show." Then, leaving a bundle of magazines and illustrated papers on the table, a godsend to the men, he said goodby and went out.

"I was to go with the minister, so I jumped into the sleigh and waited while he said goodby to Graeme, who had been hard hit by the whole service and seemed to want to say something. I heard Mr. Craig say cheerfully and confidently: 'It's a true bill. Try him.'"

Sandy, who had been stendying Dandy while that interesting broncho was attempting with great success to balance himself on his hind legs, came to say goodby.

"Come and see me first thing, Sandy."

"Aye, I know. I'll see you, Mr. Craig," said Sandy earnestly as Dandy dashed off at a full gallop across the clearing and over the bridge, steadying down when he reached the hill.

"Steady, you idiot!"

This was to Dandy, who had taken a sudden side spring into the deep snow, almost upsetting us. A man stepped out from the shadow. It was old man Nelson. He came straight to the sleigh and, ignoring my presence completely, said:

"Mr. Craig, are you dead sure of this? Will it work?"

"Do you mean," said Craig, taking him up promptly, "can Jesus Christ save you from your sins and make a man of you?"

The old man nodded, keeping his hungry eyes on the other's face.

"Well, here's his message to you: 'The Son of Man is come to seek and to save that which is lost.'"

"To me? To me?" said the old man eagerly.

"Listen. This, too, is his word: 'Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out.' That's for you, for here you are, coming."

"You don't know me, Mr. Craig. I left my baby fifteen years ago because—"

"Stop!" said the minister. "Don't tell me at least not tonight, perhaps never. Tell him who knows it all now and who never betrays a secret. Have it out with him. Don't be afraid to trust him."

Nelson looked at him, with his face quivering, and said in a husky voice: "If this is no good, it's hell for me."

"It's no good," replied Craig, almost sternly, "it's hell for all of us."

The old man straightened himself up, looked up at the stars, then back at Mr. Craig, then at me and, drawing a deep breath, said:

"I'll try him."

As he was turning away the minister touched him on the arm and said quietly:

"Keep an eye on Sandy tomorrow."

Nelson nodded, and we went on, but before we took the next turn I looked back and saw what brought a lump in to my throat. It was old man Nelson on his knees in the snow, with his hands spread upward to the stars, and I wondered if there was any one above the stars and nearer than the stars who could see. And then the trees hid him from my sight.

Only once before had I seen that look

[To be continued

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WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1902.

The best way to kill time in winter is to sleigh it.

A lazy man's heaviest burden rests on his mind.

If you expect to reach success get on the work train that leads to the pay station.

Census returns prove the value of farm animals to be 3 billions and a few odd millions of dollars. A funny Chicago editor says that it's "Enough to make the average American feel horsey."

President Schwab of the steel trust, bought a paper from a blind newsboy in New York the other day and gave him a \$5 bill for it. We will venture to say that Mr. Schwab never had more real fun for \$5 in his life.

"Billy" Rice the minstrel who was buried at the expense of a charitable institution, drew a salary of \$1,000 a week in his palmy days. Evidently "Billy" didn't discover until too late that back of every joke there is a touch of pathos.

And while we are talking of house cleaning, may we not have a vigorous application of soap and water to our street lamps. The Editor does not deal in soap but he will donate one dollar's worth to start the ball a rolling—or rather to start the suds a running.

One of the pension department officials says that within ten years the expenditure for pensions will decrease fifty per cent. The pension appropriation this year is \$135,000,000, or \$3,000,000 less than it was last year, and he believes this is the beginning of the decline.

Nature is bringing forth its new life and beauty every hour and but a few more days will be required to produce its entire spring contribution along this line. Are we doing our part to keep apace with her? Front yards and back yards too—could tell some of us quite a story.

The man born with a silver spoon in his mouth and who escapes the hard knocks and disappointments that are the fundamental parts of all successful men, won't contribute much to the age in which he lives nor be missed much when he shall have taken his departure.

The British governor of Bermuda has ordered that no more pamphlets of psalms, published by the American Tract Society, be circulated among the Boer prisoners on the island, because, as he says, the psalms of David would give hope to the Boers and keep alive their fighting spirit.

Hush! Do not laugh! That poor boy or that poor girl who is obliged to come upon our street, wearing clothes that are tattered and torn, doubtless feels bad enough about it without being obliged to endure ridicule from those better clad. Be kind! Be sympathetic! Be friendly! Bid them a smiling good morning if nothing more, and you will not only please the little fellow, or little girl, but you will feel more human in your own mind and be thought more of by your fellow citizens.

J. A. Beavens, editor of the Milford (Vt.) Citizen has bought a tract of land and laid it out in building lots, which he offers as premiums for paid up subscriptions. The Rumford Falls Times regards Brother Beavens a shrewd editor, and remarks that when the next round-up of delinquents comes up he will have them all in a bunch where he can handle them.

A Kansas law held that an express agent could not deliver a C. O. D. package containing liquor, as that amounted to a sale and was illegal in the state. The supreme court has reversed the decision on the ground that the privilege of such delivery cannot be taken away from the express company.

Do you read your local paper? If so, are you a subscriber or do you borrow it? Well, if you really cannot afford to subscribe, borrow by all means because we want you to read it, but if you can afford \$1.25 per year towards supporting a paper in Bethel, we shall be glad for your subscription. Look it over carefully and see if it is not worth \$1.25 and if it is send us this amount and thus assist in making it better. Our field is small and to make our paper all that we desire we need the loyal support of all.

Here is one that is being passed around by the newspapers that is applicable to all towns. "There is no reasonable excuse for a man living in a town if he doesn't like it. If you have no word of commendation to say for your town, its institutions or its people, emigrate. You won't stop the course of events by going away, neither will your carping criticism cut any figure if you remain. The church bells will have the same musical ring, the dogs will play just as briskly, the fish will bite just as well and the pure air and bright sunshine will have the same health-giving properties. Speak a good word for your neighbors if you can, if you can't don't everlastingly enlarge on their faults. If you have become thoroughly sour and disgusted and cannot see any good in your town, move away; go somewhere where things suit you."

Mr. W. T. Stead was an intimate friend and confidant of Cecil Rhodes, and for years was intrusted with the great South African's imperial secrets. Only a part of Mr. Stead's disclosures made since the death of Rhodes has been given to the daily press, but the whole story is told for the first time in the May number of the American Monthly Review of Reviews. There will be found the full text of the remarkable notes on world politics written by Mr. Rhodes in 1890, commenting with the greatest freedom on current American affairs, and giving some suggestion of the ideas which underlay the Oxford scholarship scheme. Nowhere else has been published so complete and authoritative an estimate of this modern Colossus of the English-speaking world. Pictures of "Groote Schuur," Mr. Rhodes' home at Cape Town, with excellent portraits of Mr. Rhodes himself, accompany the article.

Are we making progress forward? It seems that way when political parties begin to seek their candidates instead of support the candidates that seek the party. For a long time the better republicans of Androscoggin county have been searching the field for an honest, upright, conscientious man who would accept the office of sheriff. Several months ago, the name of Rev. C. S. Cummings of Auburn was suggested. Mr. Cummings positively refused to give heed at first but, within the past few weeks, the requests have poured in upon him in such abundance that he has at last said that while he does not seek nor covet the office of sheriff of Androscoggin county, he is bound to say that if in this exigency the republicans of Androscoggin county want him to be sheriff and nominate him, he will accept the office as a friend of law and order, under the solemn conviction that the great issue before the people in that county today is, the enforcement of law, and obedience to the oath of office.

STATE NEWS.

A. M. Dunham of Norway has made more than 1,000 pairs of snow shoes in the last 25 years.

E. A. Storer is building a large building at West Poland where he will do a large business in packing beans.

Two boys who recently escaped from the State Reform School, were captured in Berlin, N. H., Friday.

Stillman G. Stanley a Mount Desert fisherman was assaulted and robbed in Boston one night last week.

North Yarmouth is fearing a diphtheria epidemic. Several cases have appeared and one death has occurred.

The Grangers of Eustis have decided to disband, because few in members, and have sold their building to the Knights of Pythias.

Mark Crockett of Mechanic Falls, aged about 68 years, cut his throat in the stable at the home of his daughter, Mrs. Geo. Morse, last Friday morning.

Before the woods fire on Ross road, near Saco, was gotten under control 100 acres of timber had been destroyed. The property belonging to J. I. McKenney, Ivory Cole and Stephen Coogins.

Granville W. Leighton, the defaulting teller of the Traders National bank of Portland was taken to the State Prison at Thomaston, Friday, to serve a sentence of six years, imposed last Wednesday.

With salmon at \$1.25 per pound a Bangor man recalls the days when they were used for fertilizer and boarding mistresses had to hold up both hands and promise not to have salmon more than three times per week.

The Milton and Rumford Corner base ball teams met at Rumford Corner, Thursday, for their annual contest for supremacy. The battle was fast and furious but the Rumford Corner team won out by a score of 6 to 4.

Lightning struck the house owned and occupied by Mr. S. F. Bearce, 22 Prospect street, Deering Highlands, about 9:15 Saturday morning. The bolt struck the gable of the house and knocked off the shingles but did no other damage.

There is considerable interest in Franklin county as to whether or not the Phillips & Rangeley Railroad Co. will build a railroad from Madrid station (Shepard's Mill) across to No. 6, where Bearce & Wilson are logging. The distance to build would be about seven miles and the road would go through a farming section that would be greatly benefited by it.

Thursday morning two immense draught horses were unloaded in Portland for the Berlin Mills Lumber Co., their combined weight being 4,200 pounds. Both are black geldings, stand more than 17 hands and are well formed, sound and kind. It will cost about \$100 to have a set of harness made for them and the big wagon has ball bearings to make the big loads haul easily.

Edmond Eno of Ellsworth has purchased "Shore Acres" at Lamoine Point, and will open it for the season on May 15. The purchase includes the hotel and two and one-half acres of land running to the shore.

There are three cases of scarlet fever in West Minot. They have been quarantined in hopes to prevent its spreading. They are having it in a mild form. School in this district will not begin until the danger of scarlet fever is over.

One house now being built in Bath will start its existence with all the possibilities of a ghost story among its furnishings. In digging for the cellar last week an old coffin plate bearing the date of 1801 was unearthed and parts of a coffin were found.

There is a prospect of a spruce gum famine in Maine this year. The druggists and candy dealers in the large cities are sending in orders faster than the spruce gum gatherers can fill them. The price has gone from 75c to \$1.50 per pound in the past six months.

John S. Paul of New York has purchased the Dunn mining properties at Bluehill and will operate them. The purchase includes the Douglass and Bluehill mines, two of the copper mines that were operated on a paying basis some years ago.

Here's a romance from Sears-mont: Adelbert Dunton was at work in the woods on the Severance farm, and in splitting a log noticed a plug which was covered with a growth of wood and bark, showing that it had been there many years. On removing the plug he found a lock of brown hair and a small knot of ribbon.

Jules E. Carrier, aged 23, a native of Quebec, was fatally injured in the paper mills at Rumford Falls, Wednesday, dying early Thursday morning after much suffering. While looking down an elevator well at the ascending elevator he did not notice the heavy counter-balance which was descending above him. The heavy weight struck him on the back of the head, fracturing the skull and inflicting other frightful injuries.

Lincoln is a rapidly growing town and will be a very busy place the coming summer. With two saw mills, a new \$10,000 school house, Masonic building, corporation boarding house, and several new residences going up, there will be no lack of work for carpenters this summer. The new mill will saw 1,000,000 feet of lumber per month. A spur track of the Maine Central, two miles long, is being built to reach the mills. The big pulp mill is shipping its product to all parts of the world.

Rev. G. W. Hinckley of Good Will Farm, Fairfield, announces that he has received word from New York of a pledge of \$15,000 toward the proposed manual training building at the school. This makes a total of \$46,000 of the \$50,000 needed to erect, equip and endow the building. The pledges are all conditional upon the whole sum being secured before May 1, 1902. The latest pledge comes through a trustee of the school and Mr. Hinckley does not know the donor.

Walter Getchell, Waterville's oldest citizen, planted several rows of potatoes, Monday, with his own hands. Mr. Getchell remembers that some 70 years ago when he owned a farm in Winslow, he with several of his men, planted a field of potatoes when it was so cold that they all had to wear mittens and coats while at work. Next morning Mr. Getchell found that the ground had frozen to a depth of about three inches. The potatoes, however, had been planted deeper than this and were unharmed, so that Mr. Getchell got one of the best crops he ever saw.

As a result of drinking Columbian spirits, a refined grade of wood alcohol, three convicts at the Maine State prison are dead and four others are so severely ill that their recovery is not expected. Among the dangerously sick is Edward Graffam, the murderer of Clifford Mosher of Gorham, who is serving a life sentence. The men found a pint bottle of the poison in the paint shop, where they were employed, last Wednesday afternoon, and although they had been warned of its deadly properties each took a drink. The first knowledge the prison authorities had of the case was early Thursday morning when a guard found one of the men dead in his cell. A few minutes later six other men were found in a similar condition.

James Crosby of Bangor, son of Hon. John L. Crosby, treasurer of the Bangor Savings Bank, and his daughter Caroline, aged 7, were drowned in the river at Hampden Thursday afternoon by the overturning of a canoe. Mr. Crosby, his wife and child, left Bangor early in the afternoon for the Canoe Club house at Hampden and when within half a mile of the house the canoe was capsized by a sudden gust of wind. Mr. Crosby placed his wife on the bottom of the canoe and he swam toward the shore with the child. When within a few yards of the shore, Mr. Crosby sank and was drowned, with the little girl. Mrs. Crosby floated down river some distance and was taken off the canoe by members of the Canoe Club who saw her from the club house.

CASORIA.
Bears the Signature of *Chas. H. Fletcher*
The Kind You Have Always Bought

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

James Doll, an English actor, is 98 years of age, and still playing.

A restaurant has opened in New York where food will be furnished at one cent a plate.

There are seven editors in the U. S. Senate and thirty in the House of Representatives.

Cecil Rhodes did pretty well with his \$30,000,000, but wait till Russell Sage's will is read.

Mme. Patti received a pound of candy for singing in her first concert. Now she gets \$4000 every time she sings.

Congressman Moody will assume his duties as Secretary of the Navy Thursday, resigning his present position Wednesday night.

Married at the age of 13, a mother at 14, a grandmother at 28, a great-grandmother at 45, is the remarkable record held by Mrs. Minnie Davis of Omaha.

Last year Germany imported 978,678 tons of petroleum, 825,205 tons of it from the United States. There has been little change in the annual consumption of oil by Germany, within the last six years.

There are no undertakers in Japan. When a person dies his nearest relatives put him into a coffin and bury him. The mourning does not begin until after burial.

W. E. Finnegan of Island Pond, Vt., brakeman on the G. T. R., was run over by his train at Gorham, N. H., Monday. He was taken to the Berlin hospital where he died that night. He leaves a wife and two small children.

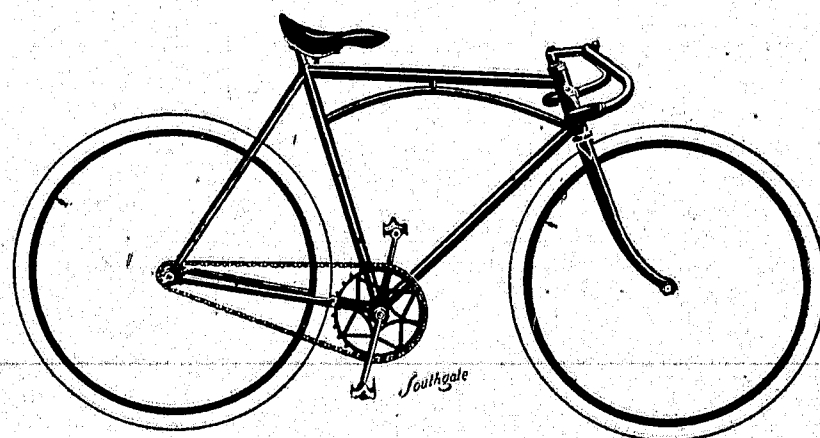
Most of the Japanese houses are of one general shape and two stories high. They are put together by a curious method of mortising, at which these people are adepts, not a nail being used throughout the construction of the whole building.

The smallest engine ever made has been completed recently. It is a horizontal engine and runs as accurately as the best engine ever built. It is made of gold, silver, copper and steel, and covers a space about the size of a silver quarter.

It is a somewhat curious fact that the seven States which stood first in 1890 in the value of manufactured products stand first again in 1900 and in exactly the same order. First of all comes New York; second, Pennsylvania; third, Illinois; fourth, Massachusetts; fifth, Ohio; sixth, New Jersey and seventh, Missouri.

BICYCLES are in Demand

This year more than usual. I carry in stock



Iver Johnsons, at \$25.00 to \$50.00
Monarchs, at 20.00 to 50.00
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Mars, 17.00

Call and look over my line. Remember my Repair Department and full line of Sundries.

EDWARD KING, Main Street, BETHEL, MAINE.

WEST BETHEL.

All the Latest News from Our Near Neighbors.

"Who puts his hand to the plough and then looks back, True grit and goaheaditiveness doth lack; And as a tiller of the soil hath no knack, And is nothing but an agricultural quack?"

Fred McLeod was in town, last week.

The hotel in this village is still closed.

S. W. Potter, Esq., worked for A. J. Haskell, last week.

A. J. Haskell has the rooms over his new store nearly completed.

Business runs along steadily in the mill of Merrill, Springer & Co.

C. C. Colby of South Paris, has been working for A. J. Haskell, during the past week.

Lysander Ordway has put in a new stock of fruit, confectionery and cigars.

Mrs. J. E. Pike remains about the same as last reported, and is nearly blind.

We understand that the farm of the late E. G. Wheeler is offered for sale.

Mrs. C. L. Abbott is taking care of Mrs. J. E. Pike, and doing the housework.

Mrs. L. C. Bean has gone to Bryant Pond, to stay, for a season with her friend, Mrs. Sarah W. Brown.

Charles Herrick is now working at Locke Mills, and will soon move there.

Harry N. Mills is going to occupy the house vacated by Mrs. L. C. Bean.

Saturday gave us a storm of sleet, with snow on the mountains and farm work progresses slowly.

Meetings will now be held in Union church at 2:30 p. m. instead of 10:30 a. m., which we think is a good change.

Mrs. Addie Lapham and daughter and son Bernice of Bethel Hill, visited L. D. Grover and family Sunday.

Otis N. Mason, son of the late Nahum Mason, came from Boston Saturday to spend a few weeks with his mother.

Mrs. Susan Machern of Oxford and Mrs. Louise Prescott of South Paris attended the funeral of their mother, Mrs. Murphy, Saturday.

This village is without a doctor, lawyer and barber. Should we be commiserated or congratulated?

Mrs. M. E. Merrow is in quite poor health, but is fortunate in having a daughter, Mrs. M. M. O'Reilly, to assist her in doing the household work.

G. D. Milbury of Bates College, who has held fortnightly meetings in Union church during the winter, preached his farewell sermon here on the 20th.

Harry N. Mills was very painfully injured Monday evening, by being struck in the face by a pitched ball, while practicing.

Mrs. Hannah W. Murphy who had been failing for many weeks, died on Thursday last, aged 84 years. She leaves seven children, four daughters and three sons, and a number of grandchildren. She has for many years been housekeeper for her son John, who is unmarried.

GRAFTON.

Claude Ferren of Errol, N. H., is working for G. A. Otis.

Mrs. Warren Emery of Bethel, is teaching the school in this town.

Mrs. B. F. Spearrin and May Brown were in Bethel Tuesday on their way home they stopped to the dance at Eames Hall, North Newry.

S. P. Davis has bought the Edgar Powers farm in Hanover and with his family expects to go there the last of the week.

Mr. J. S. Lane, who has been staying at Mrs. N. M. Brown's this winter, left town Saturday; he will visit friends and relatives in Bowdoinham, and will soon go to Charlie Bennett's in Portland.

NEWRY.

Mrs. Edwin Swain of Swan's Corner is visiting Mrs. Percy Brinck for a few days.

Miss Effie Thurston went to Upton this week, where she teaches this spring.

C. O. Foster, wife and little son of Bethel visited at W. A. Foster's Saturday.

SOUTH PARIS NEWS.

Local and Personal Items From Our Shire Town.

Mrs. Rose Powers came up from Auburn and spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Hersey.

Mr. and Mrs. Asa Whitham went to Harrison, Saturday.

Mr. Silas Wittem has moved to Waterford to go to work farming.

Mr. Adna Barrows, after thirty-nine successful years in the employ of the Paris Mfg. Co., has moved on to a farm on Paris Hill.

Mr. A. L. Murphy is at home from Lewiston, for a few days.

The annual May Ball will be held May night in Assembly Hall.

Mr. Fred Briggs, formerly of this place, was here on a short visit, last week.

On account of the rain the base ball team did not go to Bethel, Saturday.

At the ball game, Fast Day, Norway High vs. Paris High, Paris won the game. This is the third game of the season played and won for Paris.

Repairs have been made on the chimneys at the depot.

Mr. Will Blake of Mechanic Falls, is spending a few days with his parents.

The horse shoers and carriage smiths of Paris, Norway and neighboring towns held a convention here Fast Day.

Mr. Minot Whittle has bought the residence of Mr. C. E. Tolman on Gothic St. Mr. Tolman will occupy Mr. Porter Stearns' rent on Pleasant St.

Rev. Mr. Little preached Sunday to the Universalist Society. Rev. Mr. Philbrook of Bridgton, will preach next Sunday.

NEWRY CORNER.

"Plant hate, and hate will spring, Plant love, and love will grow. To-day you may sow; to-morrow will bring

The blossom that shows what sort of a thing Is the seed; the seed that you sow."

Harriman, Russell and others are supplying us with meats this season.

Mr. and Mrs. Floyd Searle and little daughter were recently the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Bisee.

Mr. Jonathan Smith has sold his farm to his son, Don Smith. Mr. and Mrs. Smith will make their home with Mr. and Mrs. Rob Inman of North West Bethel.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Kilgore have moved to Sumner to take charge of a farm owned by Mr. Thale Brown.

Elmer Trask is working on his own farm and boards with Mr. and Mrs. Frank Abbott.

During a five mile drive Thursday, we saw six or eight snowdrifts.

At Union church the Sabbath discourse by Rev. W. H. Congdon was founded upon the words of Isaiah: "So shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth."

ANDOVER.

Mr. Wm. Gregg is putting an addition on to his barn which will give him much more room for his horses.

Miss Jane Gregg and Sara Bailey left for Norway, last Friday.

Rev. Mr. Keith spent Sunday at home. He has a position in Auburn.

Mr. A. S. Tucker has hired Mr. Harry Bacon's house for the summer.

Mr. E. S. Poor has been sawing wood for people with his saw propelled by an engine. He saws twenty cords in four hours.

Mr. Wm. Milton has been making improvements in his hotel.

The Ellis Glen Sisterhood entertained the Knights of Pythias, on Monday evening of last week, at Union Hall.

Mrs. Wm. Cushman and daughter and Bessie Gregg left for Norway, on Tuesday forenoon of last week.

Mr. Wm. Cushman goes to the lakes the first of May to build a cottage for Mr. E. Thayer of Boston.

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. Aug. 22, 19

ALBANY.

Miss Mabel Beckler, who has been spending a few days at her home, returned to Auburn the 26th.

Geo. Cummings has had the misfortune to loose two cows this spring, and has another that is very sick at this writing.

Mrs. Elsie Kimball spent a few days with her sister, Mrs. Mabel Beckler, last week.

Mr. L. J. Andrews has finished his job on the school house in the Bennett district.

Sewell Pingree spent the 26th and 27th at J. K. Wheeler's.

Miss Viola Cummings, who has been at work in Auburn the last year, is home on a short vacation.

O. W. H. Judkins and wife, also Mrs. R. L. Cummings visited at E. T. Judkins' recently.

The last meeting of the L. R. T. Club was with Mrs. D. A. Cummings. There was a good attendance and enthusiastic meeting.

The next meeting will be with Miss Ada Bean. Following is the program:

Chapter from U. S. Gov't, Estella Bean

Paper—Maine's Famous Daughters, Ada O. Bean

Current Events.

Paper—Noted places to be seen and visited in Maine, Mrs. F. G. Sloan

Question Box.

Paper on the bird called Phoebe or Pewee, Gertrude Sloan

Suggestions for good of Club, Fern Johnson

Talk on Housework, Mrs. D. A. Cummings

Mount Mica, Alma Judkins

RUMFORD FALLS.

In one room in this village, one hundred and seventeen pupils are enrolled

Mr. James Merrill, a well-known business man of Augusta, was in town several days last week, looking the place over with a view to investing in real estate.

Miss J. McGivney has sold her stock of dry goods to E. K. Day and will accept a position with Mr. Day as purchasing clerk.

Alec Sturgeon has sold his fine road horse to Artemas Hall.

Howard Harris went to Saco, last week, to visit his mother, who is very ill.

At the annual meeting of the Maine School Masters' Club, which was held in Lewiston, Payson Smith was elected Vice President.

There are fish in Howard Pond, or at least there were last week, when Mr. O. A. Pettengill and Wallace Stevens visited it. Mr. Pettengill landed a fine three pounder, while Mr. Stevens hooked a six pounder and a two pounder.

The corner stone of the new Baptist church will be laid with elaborate exercises, May 8. W. I. White has secured the contract for the building of this church.

Mrs. W. A. Emery is caring for her niece, who is ill in Haverhill, Mass.

The total amount, \$75,000, has been subscribed for the stock of the Rumford National Bank, the most of it in Oxford county. They will have quarters in the store now occupied by Miss J. McGivney and will probably begin to do business about July 1.

Sheriff Elliot made a search in a house on Oxford avenue Monday, and secured twenty-five pint bottles full of whiskey and one quart bottle full of Vermont cock-tail.

Elmer Frost has accepted a position with A. J. Nevers of Norway.

GROVER HILL.

Allen Cole went to Greenwood on business, recently.

Bion Browne is enjoying a vacation at home.

Fred Wheeler was in Mason last Thursday.

A. L. Whitman and L. N. Bartlett have been building pasture fence in Mason, the past week.

The highway from the foot of Pine hill to Bethel village has been repaired; but the road leading this way, is badly in need of work.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of *Charles H. Fletcher*

GILEAD.

A. J. Blake, wife and daughter, arrived from Marion, Ohio, Friday.

Dr. Carruthers preached for Rev. Mr. Hotze last Sabbath.

Miss Ann Rowe of Hanover is keeping house for Mr. Barker Burbank.

A family has moved into the Eben Chapman house.

Miss Edith Farwell has been very sick but is a little better.

Fred Ordway passes this way with a well filled meat cart.

Mr. B. S. Burbank went to Bethel on business, Thursday.

John Richardson has been hauling birch to J. W. Bennett's mill.

T. G. Lary went to Norway last Thursday on business.

The Mountain Mills met at Cloverdale Farm, Thursday.

Old Folks' Concert, Gilead.

One of the pleasantest social events that has occurred in Gilead this year, took place Wednesday evening, when the members of the Mountain Mills gave an Old Folks' Concert, assisted by the band. The program consisted of sacred hymns and tunes, likewise songs, of ye olden times.

Cousin Jedediah brought down the house. Mrs. Ralph Peabody sang the solo and they were called back.

Mr. and Mrs. Chase sang the "Spinning Song." She was dressed as a Puritan maiden. They sang splendidly and were encored.

The chorus sang "In Ye Spirit of Ye Olden Times."

Mrs. Bert Watson told "How Josiah Allen Moved the Stove," in her inimitable way and it was received very enthusiastically.

Millie Bennett told how people are apt to put their noses where they ought not to be. He was called back and told the story of an undershirt that was bought for the father, and every time it was washed it shrank so that it had to go to the next smaller member of the family until it reached the baby and they dared not wash it again, for fear it would vanish entirely.

Fred Wright told how he courted his wife, "Sitting on the Old Rail Fence."

Effie Coffin and her brother did wonderfully well.

All wore costumes of ye olden times, and each part was so well taken that there was no choice.

We want to say a word about the band. The boys did not commence to practice until after town meeting, and they rendered a number of selections which added very much to the enjoyment of the evening. They looked exceedingly fine on the stage, with their tall hats, white vests, and knee buckles.

The Mountain Mills wish to extend thanks to them for their very efficient help, and hope the time is not far distant when they can assist them in return.

The stage looked very pretty, flags being draped at the back, and candles placed as footlights. Candles were also arranged in other parts of the hall.

At the close of the entertainment, refreshments, consisting of coffee and old-fashioned twisted nut cakes, were served. A quilt was voted away. Mrs. Henry Wright received fifty-five of the sixty-five votes cast, and took the quilt. Thus ended the Old Folks' Concert, and all went home well pleased.

HANOVER.

A game of ball between the Hanover and Rumford nines, on Fast Day, resulted in a score of 33 to 19 in favor of Hanover.

Miss Helen Staples is in Turner for a two weeks' visit.

H. A. Staples has bought a horse of Phillips Hoyt of Ardover.

Mr. and Mrs. Wadlin of Canton accompanied by Mrs. Wadlin's sister, Miss Swasey, have been visiting Miss Etta Howe.

Some fine salmon have been taken from Howard's Pond since the ice went out.

Mr. Chas. Frost of Mexico made a short visit in town the past week.

Rev. Mr. Congdon preached in Union Hall, Sunday. He will hold another service there, Sunday, May 11, at 5 p.m.

Humors Feed on Humors

The Sooner You Get Rid of Them the Better.

In the Spring there's an effort of Nature to cleanse your system. You know this by the pimples and other eruptions on your face and body.

Hood's Sarsaparilla taken in the

Spring is assisted by this effort. Begin taking it at once.

It thoroughly cleanses the system, gets into all its nooks and corners, removes all humors, and all unhealthy accumulations.

"I had salt rheum on my hands so that I could do but little work. I procured a bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it drove out the humor. I continued its use until the sores on my hands disappeared." Mrs. IRA O. BROWN, Rumford Falls, Me.

Buy It Today

Hood's Sarsaparilla Promises to Cure and Keeps the Promise.

Schley's Santiago
BY GEORGE EDWARD GRAHAM.

The Intrepid Associated Press war correspondent, who was aboard the U. S. S. Brooklyn during the entire five months of the campaign. Illustrated with photographs taken by the Author during the fight.

The Most Sensational Book of the Day.

The true story of the famous cruise of the Flying Squadron under Commodore Winfield Scott Schley, including the blockade and destruction of the Spanish fleet, **TOLD FOR THE FIRST TIME.**

Contains an autograph endorsement and personal account of the battle by Rear-Admiral Schley.

"The facts of the story of the movements and operations of the Flying Squadron as the author tells them in this book are correct."
—W. S. SCHLEY.

An interesting narrative of facts. Explains the so-called "Retrograde Movement," the "Loop," the "Coaling Problem," and settles conclusively every adverse ruling of the Court of Inquiry.

PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT, when Governor of New York, said:—"Mr. Graham's story is the best account I have heard or read of the naval fighting during the war. It needed just as much courage to go about taking photographs as it did to work the guns."

No subject has ever been before the public that has interested everybody as the manner in which Admiral Schley has been treated, and the American people demand the full recognition of the hero of Santiago. This book tells everything just as it occurred and as the eyewitnesses saw it. Book is selling like wildfire. Liberal commissions. Outfit and books now ready. Send seven 2-cent stamps for canvassing outfit. **ACT QUICK!** Now is the time to MAKE MONEY.

Price \$1.50, \$1.75, \$2.25, \$2.75, according to style of binding desired.

AGENTS WANTED | W. B. CONKEY COMPANY
Sole Publishers, CHICAGO.

JOB PRINTING of all Kinds

Done at the NEWS OFFICE.

Grass Seed!

It hardly seems necessary to remind our friends that we are as usual Headquarters for anything and everything in the grass seed line.

TIMOTHY SEED, HUNGARIAN SEED, RED TOP,

NEW YORK AND ALSIKE CLOVER.

Also Plaster, Lime and Cement, Corn, Flour and Feed.

Agents for Bradley's, Cumberland, Swift's, and Bowker's FERTILIZERS.

WOODBURY & PURINGTON.

BOSTON'S
SHIRT-WAIST
STORE

It has been our regular custom each Spring to produce a high-grade White Lawn Waist to sell at a low price. This season's offering surpasses anything we have ever attempted. This cut represents a Waist positively worth \$1.50, but in order to handle a large quantity we will sell them at only..... **98c**

Order one and if you don't like it, return it and get your money.

By Mail 5c. extra

MacDonnell's
Tremont Temple Store, Boston

SIZES 32 34 36 38 40 42 44 46

FIRE INSURANCE

Agents for twenty-five leading insurance companies. All kinds of insurance placed on favorable terms.

W. J. Wheeler & Co.,
Billings' Block, SOUTH PARIS, ME.

Something wrong



**TRUE'S
PIN WORM
ELIXIR
WILL CURE IT**

A clergyman's bright little boy has a remarkable habit of quoting Scripture. One morning he spilled his cup of milk on the tablecloth; and, anticipating a reproof, he dropped his head instantly and murmured, "My tupp runneth over."

BETTER THAN PILLS.

The question has been asked, "In what way are Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets superior to pills?" Our answer is: They are easier and more pleasant to take, more mild and gentle in effect and more reliable as they can always be depended upon. Then they cleanse and invigorate the stomach and leave the bowels in a natural condition, while pills are more harsh in effect and their use is often followed by constipation. For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

"Papa," said little four-year-old Margie, "I think you are just the nicest man in the whole world."

"And I think you are the nicest little girl in the world," replied her father.

"Course I am," said Margie. "Ain't it queer how such nice people happened to get in the same family?"

Good for Rheumatism.

Last fall I was taken with a very severe attack of muscular rheumatism which caused me great pain and annoyance. After trying several prescriptions and rheumatic cures, I decided to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm, which I had seen advertised in the South Jerseyman. After two applications of this Remedy I was much better, and after using one bottle, was completely cured.—SALLIE MARRIS, Salem, N. J.

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

Mrs. Wealthy—"Are your berries fresh, little one?"

Margaret (experiencing for the first time the trials of a berry-vender).—"Yes, ma'am, our bushes don't raise anything but fresh ones."

"A neighbor ran in with a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy when my son was suffering with severe cramps and was given up as beyond hope by my regular physician, who stands high in his profession. After administering three doses of it, my son regained consciousness and recovered entirely within twenty-four hours," says Mrs. Mary Haller, of Mt. Crawford, Va.

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.

G. R. WILEY.

PAINTING AND PAPER HANGING

I desire to state to the people of Bethel and vicinity that I am prepared to give prompt attention to Painting and Paper Hanging, and also that I have a nice line of

WALL PAPERS.

and will be pleased to take your orders for the same.

B. F. BARKER,

BETHEL, MAINE.

EAST BETHEL.

E. S. Bean and C. M. Kimball visited Berlin and Milan, N. H., the 19th.

Mrs. Irving Kimball of Boston, accompanied by Miss Pierce, is spending a few weeks with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Holt.

The Rumford Jolly Club very much surprised Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Howe by giving them a call on the evening of the 18th. The very pleasant rooms of their new home were filled to overflowing and the time passed very pleasantly, and all so quickly with whist, music and gay sociability. Refreshments of coffee, cake, cheese, and home-made candies were served.

Mrs. G. W. Tracy is visiting relatives in Lancaster, N. H.

F. B. Howe is doing carpenter work for Dr. J. H. Stuart, Rumford.

Mr. Leslie Brown from Berlin, N. H., was in this place last week.

Mr. E. C. Park, administrator, met with the appraisers of the property of the late Sumner Brown, in this place last Friday.

UPTON.

Chas. Brown has just returned from Norway with a nice span of horses, well matched and the fastest horses we have seen.

Winifred Gallant has returned from his home in Prince Edward's Island, and is staying with F. O. Godwin until the ice goes out, when he is going to work for Al-dana Brooks on Metalluc Island.

J. E. Brooks is getting along well on his drive in Cambridge river.

Bill Burke and Hollis Coolidge have gone on the American Realty Co's. drive in Cambridge, N. H.

James Bernier has a fine lot of canoes built and they are beauties. The dance at Raymond's Hall, on the evening of the 19th, was quite well attended.

Dr. Twaddle was in town attending patients, last week.

Percie Ford is at work at Mrs. A. O. Godwin's.

The ice in the Umbagog is about gone.

Mike Marshall and Willie Brown have been to Berlin.

Dennis Ferren has finished work for Mrs. L. A. West.

Mr. John Carrier, who has been staying with his daughter, Mrs. H. I. Abbott, this winter has returned to his home in Canada.

Some Foolish People

Allow a cold to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say, "Oh, it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c. and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

NORTH ALBANY.

George Rolfe has sold his black horses to Arthur Morrill.

Mr. and Mrs. Sylvanus Bennett, who have been living with their daughter, Mrs. Brown, through the winter, have moved back on to their farm.

Frank Foster has bought the Tyler farm of Dr. Twaddle.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Bennett were called to Norway last week to attend the funeral of their son-in-law, Lester Harriman.

George Frost, who was reported as about to move to Bethel, has moved to Frost's Corner, Norway.

George Morton of So. Paris, was in this place, the 18th.

HE FEARED HE HAD LOST

When Wu Ting Fang, the famous Chinese Minister to Washington, irritable and somewhat forgetful from a severe cold, missed one day from the front of his cap the immense diamond he always wears there, he was dreadfully frightened. A friend pointed out that the statesman had inadvertently donned his turban wrong side before, and that the diamond was safe in the rear. Had Wu Ting Fang been wearing a Benson's Porous Plaster on his chest or back to cure his cold, he never would have doubted its location. He would have felt it doing its work, warming and making flexible the torpid muscles, extracting the pain and soreness, promoting the free circulation of the blood, stimulating the skin and lungs to proper action, and so dissolving and banishing the malady. Thus we perceive, beloved friends, that

THE BIG DIAMOND ON HIS HAT

while a pretty thing to look upon, was of no practical use. But Benson's Plasters are supremely useful. They relieve and cure gout, rheumatism, neuralgia, colds on the chest, lame back, etc., so quickly and completely as to make you wonder how it can be. Better, now, well-to-morrow; that's the way they work. Get the genuine. All druggists, or we will prepare postage on any number ordered in the United States on receipt of 25c. each. Beabury & Johnson, Mfg. Chemists, N. Y.

You Can Lead a Horse

to water but you can't make him drink.

You can't make him eat either. You can stuff food into a thin man's stomach but that doesn't make him use it.

Scott's Emulsion can make him use it. How? By making him hungry, of course. Scott's Emulsion makes a thin body hungry all over. Thought a thin body was naturally hungry didn't you? Well it isn't. A thin body is asleep—not working—gone on a strike. It doesn't try to use its food.

Scott's Emulsion wakes it up—puts it to work again making new flesh. That's the way to get fat.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, 409 Pearl St., N. Y. 50c and \$1.00; all druggists.

NORWAY.

Mrs. Helen Cherry is entertaining her mother Mrs. W. Smith of Montreal.

Miss Clara W. Smith has gone to the Poland Spring House for the summer.

Mrs. J. L. Horne has returned from a visit in Worcester, Mass.

About sixty couples took part in the dancing at the Military Ball given by Co. D, 1st Regt., N. G. S. M.

The marriage of Dr. Harry P. Jones and Emma Cushman Stevens was solemnized at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Adams, Wednesday.

A. F. Andrews & Sons sold their wool, last week, receiving about \$20,000 for it.

Elizabeth Beal has returned from a visit in Portland.

J. Wesley Swan and H. R. Charlton of Montreal were in town, Saturday. Mr. Swan is official photographer of the Grand Trunk Railway, and Mr. Charlton is general advertising manager for the road. They are now engaged in preparing booklets for the season's advertising of the road.

Judge Davis, who was recently injured by a runaway team, is able to attend to his duties again.

Miss Marguerite Finney went to Bethel Thursday to spend a few days with relatives.

The Pelican Smiled.

There is a sly old pelican in Central park which has an almost human way of noticing what goes on about him without seeming to do so. The other day two herons in the same cage with him fought over a fish. One had made the catch, but the other had undertaken to wrest the morsel from its rightful possessor.

They squabbled over it like two boys who have hold of the same baseball bat. The scuffle brought them into the neighborhood of the old pelican, who stood, apparently asleep, with his big bill tucked away under a wing. Then the heron dropped its fish, and the battle went on.

No sooner had it been dropped than the great bill came out from underneath the wing and the fish went into the pelican's pouch. Then the head disappeared again. The pelican was plainly asleep.

When one heron gave up the fight and flew away, the other looked about for the prize. It was nowhere to be seen. The keeper of the bird cages solemnly asserts that he saw a twinkle in the eye which the pelican opened to give a glance at the retreating heron.—New York Times.

Peculiar Roses.

One of the wars of the roses, the fiercest and deadliest of them all, was fought on a field where, curiously enough, a rose peculiar to the spot grows or used to grow. It is a rare plant now, and the reason is explained by Mr. Leadman in his account of Yorkshire battles. After describing the terrible battle at Towton on Palm Sunday, 1461, he says: "I cannot conclude this story of Towton field without an allusion to the little dwarf bushes peculiar to the Field of the White Rose and the Red."

"They are said to have been plentiful at the commencement of this century, but the visitors have taken them away in such numbers that they have become rare. Such vandalism is simply shameful, for the plants are said to be unique and unable to exist in any other soil. The little roses are white, with a red spot on the center of each of their petals, and as they grow old the under surface becomes a dull red color."—London News.

Stops the Cough and Works off the Cold.

Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No Cure, no Pay. Price 25cents. 1y Aug 22

WIT AND WISDOM.

Ted—"Look at the gobbler grand-ma. He's had his fan up most an hour, I guess; but his face is as red as if he wasn't a bit cooler!"

A little boy was going on a visit, and was told before going, by his mamma, not to ask for anything to eat, as he had been in the habit of teasing for something at every place he went to. He happened to call at his auntie's, and walked around the room a few times. At last he thought of a plan, and said, "Auntie, don't you think your cookies will get mouldy?"

A lazy liver makes a lazy man. Burdock Blood Bitters is the natural, never failing remedy for a lazy liver.

Master Bobby's father is the happy owner of a hatching-machine. The other day, as the former was watching a chick energetically breaking its way through the shell, he inquired, "I see now how he gets out; but how ever did he go to work to get in?"

Ordinary household accidents have no terrors when there's a bottle of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil in the medicine chest. Heals burns, cuts bruises, sprains. Instant relief.

Little Louie, watching a severe thunderstorm, in which the sheet-lightning flashed almost continuously, seemed much interested, and entirely unawed. Turning to his father, he asked: "What makes the wind open and shut its eyes so fast?"

Eczema, scald head, hives, itching of the skin of any sort, instantly relieved, permanently cured. Doan's Ointment. At any drug store.

Aunt Gertrude—"And what will you do when you are a man, Tommy?"

Tommy—"I'm going to grow a beard."

Aunt Gertrude—"Why?"

Tommy—"Because then I won't have nearly so much face to wash."

Try Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets, the best physic.

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.

Little Joe, four years old, looking out of the window one morning at the trees stripped of their leaves, called out: "O papa, see! All the trees are barefoot!"

It's the little colds that grow into big colds; the big colds that end in consumption and death. Watch the little colds. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

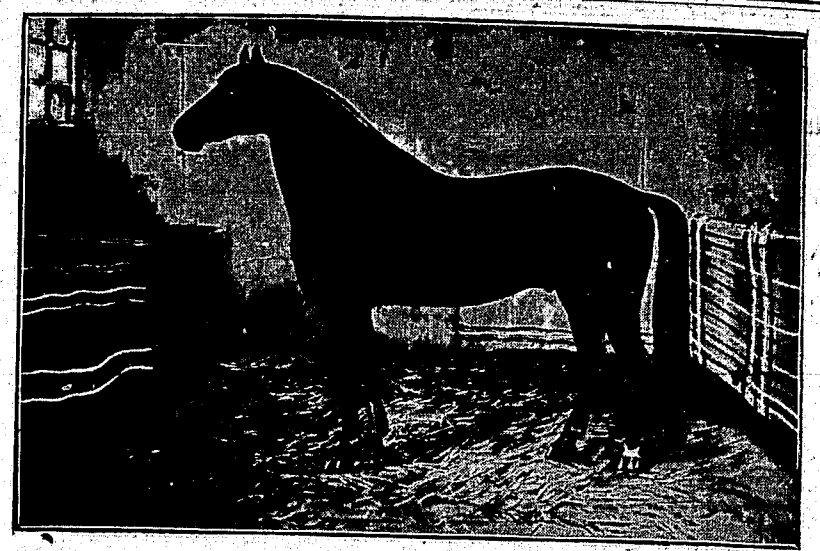
A little girl, who had been studying fractions, when told by her mother that eggs were nine cents a dozen, called out to Rob, her younger brother, "You don't know how much that is apiece, and I do." Robert thought a moment, and answered proudly, "Yes I do: you get a cent a piece for nine, and three for nothing."

A VALUABLE MEDICINE

For Coughs and Colds in Children.

"I have not the slightest hesitancy in recommending Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to all who are suffering from coughs and colds," says Chas. M. Cramer, Esq., a well known watch maker, of Colombo, Ceylon. "It has been some two years since the City Dispensary first called my attention to this valuable medicine and I have repeatedly used it and it has been beneficial. It has cured me quickly of all chest colds. It is especially effective for children and seldom takes more than one bottle to cure them of hoarseness. I have persuaded many to try this valuable medicine, and they are all as well pleased as myself over the results."

For sale by G. R. Wiley, Bethel; E. L. Tebbets, Locke Mills; J. W. Bennett, Gilead; H. W. Dennison, West Bethel.



EL SABLE, (Registered as El Cerrito, 28,046.)

Full brother to Sable Wilkes, the first 3-year-old to trot in 2:18, and the first stallion to sire a yearling to trot in 2:30. Sire of seven two-year-olds; fourteen 3-year-olds in 2:30; forty-one in 2:30; thirty-seven of them trotters. Son of GUY WILKES, 2:15 1-4. Sire of four below 2:10; Seventy-six in 2:30; Sixty-six of them trotters. Will make the season of 1902, at the stable of L. A. HALL, BETHEL, ME.

TERMS: \$10.00 by the season. Cash or note at first service, with return privilege in 1903, if mare does not prove in foal. \$20.00 to warrant. Send for further information to

L. A. HALL, Bethel, Me., or A. L. YOUNG, Auburn, Me.

New Wall Papers!

The 1902 Patterns are fine and the prices low. Call and see them.

BARGAINS.

I have some odd lots of good style papers that I will sell less than the factory prices.

CURTAINS TO MATCH PAPERS IN COLORING.

Wiley's Drug Store.

VIVIAN W. HILLS,
Jeweler and Graduate Optician,
DEALER IN
Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, Silverware,
Spectacles and Eye Glasses.

LOWEST PRICES IN THE COUNTY.

Cameras and Photo Supplies,
W. OLES, A. E. AND RETAIL,
NORWAY, MAINE.

PIANOS : :
AND ORGANS

The most complete stock of Pianos Organs, Stools, Scarfs and Instruction Books ever had. Ivers & Pond Behr Bros., Merrill, Estey and Prescott Pianos. . . . Estey, Carpenter, Packard and Wilcox & White Organs, all in stock. Illustrated catalogues of all these instruments sent upon application. Instruments sold on easy monthly terms.

W. J. WHEELER & Co.,

Billings Block, SOUTH PARIS, ME.

HOME
BAKERY.

My bakery is now open. It is fitted with a fine portable cooker and every appliance that goes to make up a first class bakery.

I am prepared to execute your orders promptly, and your patronage is respectfully solicited.

See my line of LUNCH CRACKERS—12 varieties—also Orange Blossom Tea, Mocha and Java Coffee, all kinds of Canned Goods, etc.

Opposite
G. F. BEAN'S,

C. A. LUCAS.

One of
Parsons' Pills a day
is a positive, pleasant
cure for biliousness, sick
headache, constipation, all
liver and bowel complaints.

Parsons' Pills

Delicate women take them safely.
They remove skin blemishes.
30 in a bottle, 25c.; 5 bottles \$1.
I. S. JOHNSON & CO.,
Boston, Mass.

JOHNSON'S

DROPPED ON SUGAR

The only liniment for internal use—a quick
cure for colic, cramp, diarrhoea, cholera mor-
bus, hives, bruises, burns, stings, chafings,
strains, sprains, the old reliable.

JOHNSON'S
ANODYNE LINIMENT

Favorite family remedy since 1810. Keep it
in the house. Two sizes, 25 cents and 50 cents.
Free booklet on "Treatment for Diarrhoea."
I. S. JOHNSON & CO., Boston, Mass.

Bargains USED PIANOS.

We have in stock 50 pianos of different
makes that have been used. Prices range
from \$50 upward. As these must all be
sold immediately, we have made prices
on them which we believe are lower than
equally good pianos have ever been of-
fered for. We will send list describing
and pricing each if you cannot call. A
small cash payment and monthly pay-
ments as low as \$5.

Ivers & Pond Co.
114 and 116 Boylston St., Boston.

EXECUTOR'S NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he
has been duly appointed executor of the last
will and testament of
CHARLES D. HILL, late of Bethel,
in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given
bonds as the law directs. All persons having
demands against the estate of said deceased
are desired to present the same for settlement
and all indebted thereto are requested to make
payment immediately. Addison B. Herriot.
April 8, 1902.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he
has been duly appointed executor of the last
will and testament of
FERBEN HOLT, late of Bethel,
in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given
bonds as the law directs. All persons having
demands against the estate of said deceased
are desired to present the same for settlement
and all indebted thereto are requested to make
payment immediately. Albert W. Grover.
April 15, 1902.

NOTICE.

The subscriber hereby gives notice that he
has been duly appointed administrator of the
estate of
CHARLES S. BROWN late of Bethel,
in the County of Oxford, deceased, and given
bonds as the law directs. All persons having
demands against the estate of said deceased
are desired to present the same for settlement
and all indebted thereto are requested to make
payment immediately. Elmer C. Park.
April 15, 1902.

NOTICE OF FORECLOSURE.

The subscriber hereby gives public
notice that Fred N. Saunders and Mary
Estes both of Auburn, County of An-
droscooggin, by their mortgage deed
dated April 15, 1901, conveyed to him,
the subscriber, a certain tract or parcel
of land situated on Lake Umbagog in
the County of Oxford, being in the
western division of township No. 5, in
the first range, and bounded and de-
scribed as follows, to wit: Beginning
at the mouth of Rapid river, so called,
thence running easterly on said river to
the division line between the eastern
and middle divisions, then northerly
on the division line to the arm of Lake
Umbagog. Thence westerly on shore of
said Lake to the first mentioned bound,
being the same property this day con-
veyed to these grantors by the said
grantee, April 15, 1901. Recorded April
16, 1901, 11 a. m., in Book 283, page 525.
Oxford ss. Registry of Deeds, and where-
as the condition of said mortgage deed
has been broken, the undersigned by
reason thereof claims a foreclosure of
the same.
April 23, 1902. CHARLES MASON.

WANT COLUMN.

AGENTS WANTED

Life of T. Dewitt Talmage, by his
Son, REV. FRANK DEWITT TALMAGE
and associate editors of Christian Her-
ald. Only book endorsed by Talmage
family. Enormous profit for agents
who act quickly. Outfit ten cents.
Write immediately CLARK & CO., 222
S. 4th St., Phila., Pa. Mention this
paper.

WANTED MEN OR WOMEN IN EVERY
COUNTY to sell the most novel, ingenious
and useful article ever invented for House-
hold use. Large profits. Sample for 10 cents.
People's Supply Company, Walpole, Me.

AGENTS WANTED

Reliable agents to sell Wall Paper
from Sample Books. No expense for
books. Liberal commission. Send re-
ferences. Write at once.
OREN HOOPER'S SONS,
Portland, Maine.

Wanted.

A girl to do general housework.
No washing. Must be experienced
cook. Best of wages. Apply to
MRS. A. E. HERRICK, Bethel, Me.

COLORADO LETTER.

Boulder, Colo., Mar. 25.

Editor News:—

Thinking it may be of interest
to some of your readers to hear
from this part of the world, I will
write a few lines; first as to loca-
tion: We are thirty miles north-
west of Denver, and about 200
feet higher, or 5400 feet, located
just at the foot of the mountains.
Boulder Creek runs through the
city, and courses down what is
called Boulder Canon, one of the
finest, I am told, that there is in
the State. The top of the range is
about 35 or 40 miles from here,
that is this part of the range.

When you go down from this
range, you come into one of the
parks, and to go farther west you
have to cross another range, so
that when you are really across
the range, you have gone nearly
150 miles.

This city has nearly or quite
8000 people. It is the seat of the
State University, which has, with
the preparatory school, I think,
over 800 students, and I under-
stand, ranks fourth or fifth in the
line of State Universities in
the United States. I might men-
tion here that the president is a
Maine man, as is also the dean of
the classical department. The
city has seven large school build-
ings and about 1500 scholars.
There are two denominational
schools.

We have several mills for crush-
ing ore, and one mill called a
chlorination mill, which extracts
the gold and silver from the ore.
There are no mines close to the
city, but out from seven to twenty-
eight miles there are plenty of
them. We have a narrow gauge
railroad running toward a min-
ing camp, twenty miles from here,
which is 9000 feet above sea-level,
and the railroad passes through
several other mining camps. We
have two other railroads running
into the city and expect we will
have an electric road to Denver
this summer. We have about
three miles of electric street rail-
way running to the Chautauqua
grounds, which are a city park.
There we have an auditorium
which will seat over 5000, a school
building of four rooms, for the
summer school, a large dining-hall
and over seventy-five cottages.
During the session of the summer
school, which lasts about six weeks,
there are usually a hundred or
more tents, so that they can ac-
commodate a good many people on
the grounds, besides a great many
who prefer to stay in the city.
This Chautauqua was started by
Texas teachers, who desired to get
away from the hot weather for a
while, and is still largely patronized
by them, though it is not con-
fined to them, as at one time it
was stated that twenty-four States
were represented on the grounds.

Our city and the surrounding
country has become a great deal
excited over oil. In December,
a well about three miles from
town struck oil, and soon after
another did the same, so there are
now two producing wells. One of
them is pumping nearly or quite
80 bbls. per day, and it is said to be
the best oil, which has been found
in the United States for a great
many years. There are now more
than 100 derricks finished or being
built within a few miles of town,
and a great many more com-
panies organized, who will soon be
at work drilling. It is thought by
some that this will be one of the
greatest oil fields in this country,
but of that only time can tell.
The wells that have found oil
have gone down between 2500 and
3000 feet to get it, so it is no small
undertaking to sink a well. The
cost is from \$6000 to \$7000.
C. E. G.

Cave Animals.

No animals whatever are found in
the dry parts of caves. Dampness or
a certain degree of moisture seems to
be essential to their existence. Under
the stones one finds white, glistening
worms, and in the damp soil all at sund
about are to be discovered blind beetles
in little holes which they excavate and
bugs of the thousand leg sort. These
thousand leg bugs, which in the upper
world devour fragments of dead leaves
and other vegetable debris, sustain life
in the caverns by feeding upon decayed
wood, fungous growths and bat's
dung. Kneeling in a beaten path one
can see numbers of them gathered
about hardened drips of tallow from
tourists' candles. There are plenty of
crickets also.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought
Beware the
Signature
of *Castoria*

Health

"For 25 years I have never
missed taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla
every spring. It cleanses my
blood, makes me feel strong, and
does me good in every way."
John P. Hodnette, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Pure and rich blood
carries new life to every
part of the body. You
are invigorated, refreshed.
You feel anxious to be
active. You become strong,
steady, courageous. That's
what Ayer's Sarsaparilla
will do for you.

\$1.00 a bottle. All druggists.

Ask your doctor what he thinks of Ayer's
Sarsaparilla. He knows about this kind of
old family medicine. Follow his advice and
we will be glad to send you a bottle of
Ayer's Sarsaparilla, Lowell, Mass.

WANTED TO GET IN.

He Was Willing to Join if It Didn't
Cost Too Much.

A lank, long countryman stood out-
side of the reading room door of the li-
brary of congress and looked with long-
ing eyes at its gorgeous interior. Admit-
tance had been refused on his declar-
ing that he had no intention of reading,
but he lingered near the door hoping
something would turn up to let him in.
Finally he again approached the door-
keeper.

"You say I can't get in, boss?" he
asked.

"Not unless you want to read," was
the discouraging reply.

"A dollar wouldn't be any object to
you, would it, boss?"

The doorkeeper shook his head and
waved the insistent visitor away. In a
few moments three members of con-
gress approached and, nodding to the
doorkeeper, said, "We are members,
you know," and passed in through the
door. The countryman darted forward
again.

"I say, boss," he asked confidentially,
"how much does it cost to be a mem-
ber? I belong to one lodge already, but
if it ain't too all-fired much I'll join you,
for I certainly do want to get in there
and set down a spell; I certainly do."—
New York Tribune.

Asiatic Humor.

"At one of the public dinners given
by Ameer Abdur Rahman Khan," says
Mr. Stephen Wheeler in his story of
the ameer's life, "an excited native
rushed into the midst of the assembly
and prostrated himself in front of the
ameer."

"Sahib," he gasped. "The Russians
are coming!"

"From what direction are they vis-
ible?" asked the ameer without chang-
ing his expression.

"From yonder hill," replied the na-
tive.

"Climb that tree and watch until
they come!" was the royal command.

"The native ascended to the topmost
branches and was forced to remain un-
til he dropped to the ground."

"Political upholsterers," whom Addi-
son described as "grave persons," may
see in this anecdote evidence of the
ameer's full confidence in Russia's in-
tentions toward Afghanistan. It is
more probable that it was a manifes-
tation of that grim humor which was
of the quaint oriental stripe with
which the "Arabian Nights" have
made us familiar.

A Chinaman's Protest.

The Peking Gazette, speaking of Chi-
nese in foreign lands, says:

"We dress and speak differently from
foreigners, just as foreigners do who
come to China. But nobody in the
streets calls us 'Chinese devils.' The
children in the streets wish to see how
long our cues are, but the police,
seeing them annoy us, scatter them.
When we go into a shop to buy any-
thing, we are treated with even more
consideration than their own people.
We enter their homes, it is the same.
They seek to please us in every way,
show us curios or play the organ
piano for us. The writer has been to
France, England, America, Japan,
Spain and South America and stayed
years, and everywhere he was treated
with the same courtesy."

It is to be feared that some Chinese
laundrymen in this country would not
wholly indorse this view.

Light Without Sight.

We can "perceive" light without the
smallest aid from the retina. If the
optic nerve is sufficiently excited to
reach the sensorium and create a dis-
turbance at that center of the brain
where the optic nerve terminates, we
shall then see light and sparks. If,
moreover, the optic nerve is cut or mu-
tated in any way, we should see a
brilliant flash of light, though without
any sensation of pain. And so it is
with the other nerves. The auditory
nerve has only to be excited, not nec-
essarily by sound, so as to reach its
center, the brain, and we shall hear a
sound. How many ghosts might not
be destroyed in this way?—Chambers'
Journal.

The Danish Masque.

The chimney sweep is the Danish
masque. You see him in gold or silver,
suspended on a lady's watch chain, in-
stead of the "lucky pig" or horseshoe,
which is the English symbol of good
luck. He also appears on note paper
and postcards, implying that your cor-
respondent wishes you a rise in life.
It is the old fashioned sweep that is
thus depicted—he who had actually to
climb the chimney, his implements be-
ing a four foot ladder, a short broom
and a rope.

OUTSIDE OF MAINE.

Sixty-one cases of smallpox de-
veloped in Boston during the week
ending April 26.

The U. S. S. Southery, the naval
prison ship, arrived at Boston
navy yard with 94 naval prisoners
aboard.

Chief of Police P. C. Marsteller
was shot and killed at Elkins,
West Virginia, Friday, by Wilfred
Davis, a woodman whom he had
arrested.

Robert J. Wynne, the Washing-
ton correspondent of the New
York Press, has been offered and
has accepted the office of first as-
sistant postmaster general.

Representative Cummings of
New York, Wednesday, introduced
a bill requesting the Secretary of
the Navy to contract for 30 Hol-
land submarine torpedo boats.

An agreement has been entered
into by the 2,000 employees of the
Chicago & Alton shops in Bloom-
ington, Ill., that none will eat
meat during the next 30 days.

Several persons are under the
care of physicians on account of
the explosion of the automobile
gasoline tank in the business cen-
ter of Worcester, Mass., last Fri-
day.

Judge William Westgate, a
prominent citizen of Haverhill,
Mass., while suffering from serious
illness, shot himself at his home
Wednesday evening, death result-
ing almost immediately afterward.

Great excitement prevails over a
strike in the hills adjoining the
town of Sand Creek, Mont. The
lowest assay of samples yields \$51
and the highest \$28,000. In a pan
the precious metal is easily dis-
cernible to the naked eye.

Vandals visited the So. Nashua,
N. H., burying ground recently,
and overturned about 25 head-
stones and defaced many monu-
ments. Some of the stones
thrown down and broken had
been in position since 1720.

The Boer relief fund committee
has issued an appeal asking for
five million checks or drafts of one
dollar each, made payable to Pres-
ident Roosevelt, for the relief of
the Boer women and children in
the reconcentrated camps of South
Africa.

When Senator Clark of Montana,
arrived at the Senate annex Thurs-
day in an automobile, he was in-
terviewed by two bicycle police-
men, who had been following him.
They asserted that he had been ex-
ceeding the the speed limit of 12
miles an hour.

While the firemen were engaged
in extinguishing a fire in their
own quarters in East Rochester,
N. H., Friday, the water supply
was suddenly cut off. The loss is
estimated at \$3,000. After the fire,
an examination showed that three
huge eels, each more than two feet
long had become wedged in the
hose, completely cutting off the
water.

Cruel and inhuman treatment
will be the plea of Thomas
Foley for divorce. His wife ad-
mits that she tied his hands and
feet while he was drunk and ap-
plied salt to his hands, face and cloth-
ing that the cattle in the field
where he lay helpless might lick
him to death as a revenge for a
beating she received during a
drunken orgie. Foley's skin is
raw in many places and his cloth-
ing torn to shreds.

Franklin, N. H., is to have a
trackless electric car service. The
experiment will attract much in-
terest. The cars to be used re-
semble an automobile omnibus
more than electric car, but get
their power from an overhead
wire instead of a motor. It is
claimed that the busses can be
used in winter by substituting
runners for wheels and adding a
toothed wheel in front to dig down
into the snow and pull the vehicle
along.

Your Tongue

If it's coated, your stomach
is bad, your liver is out of
order. Ayer's Pills will clean
your tongue, cure your dys-
pepsia, make your liver right.
Easy to take, easy to operate.
25c. All druggists.

Want your mustache or beard a beautiful
brown or rich black? Then use
BUCKINGHAM'S DYE for Whiskers
50 CENTS OF DRUGGISTS, 24 R. P. HALL & CO., MANHATTAN, N. Y.

PAINTS.

It costs no more

To put a first class paint on your buildings than it does to
put on a cheap one, so if you are going to paint your house
this spring, and of course you are, let us sell you the

Monarch Mixed Paint

This paint is absolutely pure and entire satisfaction is
guaranteed. Paint your house this season with the MON-
ARCH PAINT, whiten the walls with GYPSINE, and
you will have a combination that will please you in the
extreme. We always have on hand a good supply of

St. Louis Red Seal White Lead,

ALSO

Shellac, Linseed Oil,

Varnishes, Turpentine,

Wood Fillers and Brushes

of all descriptions to use with them. We carry also the
ever popular

SENOUR'S

Carriage and Floor Paint.

By the way, don't forget your sleds and wagons; the Blue
Wagon Paint is what you need for them.

HASTINGS BROS.,

BETHEL, MAINE.

A Pointer

That indicates the way the breeze of popular favor is blowing, is
the gratifying support that we are receiving in our effort to save
money for our customers.

Groceries

That are fresh and sweet at prices as low as the lowest.
WILLIAM TELL FLOUR A SPECIALTY.

IRA C. JORDAN, BETHEL, MAINE.

Bicycle Repairing!

The next best thing to a brand new Bicycle is to have the
old one repaired and repaired properly. I have had six
years' experience in a first-class machine shop and, am
prepared to do first-class work, not only on your bicycles
but on

SEWING MACHINES, LAWN MOWERS, GUNS, RIFLES and REVOLVERS

in fact, most anything that is repairable. Have opened a
shop over the store of C. A. Lucas, and will be glad
to see you.

W. F. Lawrence,

BETHEL, MAINE.

G. P. BEAN.

A choice line of

Dry & Fancy Goods

Choice Groceries, Boots
and Shoes.

Agent for Butterick Patterns.

Cor. Church and Main Streets, 3.
BETHEL, MAINE.

STOP

Sowing Oats Mixed with FOUL SEED, but buy

RECLEANED SEED OATS

AT

Bisbee's New Mill.

Main Street, Bethel, Maine.

CARLOAD JUST RECEIVED.

W. S. Wight, after returning home a month ago from his winter's chorus work, was invited to teach a class at Locke Mills and Bryant Pond during his vacation. The singers are very enthusiastic in both places, and the number has increased to twenty-five in each place. Mr. Wight will give a grand concert in each place; in the church at Locke Mills, Monday evening, May 5, and at the Baptist church Bryant Pond, Tuesday evening, May 6, with the two choruses uniting in both places, assisted by the Schubert Quartette of South Paris. Mrs. Wilson, 1st soprano; Miss McArdle, 2nd soprano; Mrs. Smiley, 2nd alto; Mrs. Burnham, 2nd alto. This quartette has been singing for the last six months with marked success. A variety of quartettes, trios, duets and solos is being arranged and several choruses, such as Mozart's Gloria, and Praise Ye the Father by Gounod, will be sung to which Mr. Wight invites his Bethel friends and singers to go and take part in the singing. No doubt there will be a large number go from our village and enjoy a fine musical treat.

WILSON'S MILLS.

J. W. Clark has gone to Avon, Mass. to visit relatives and friends. Edgar H. Brooks went to Rumford the first of the week, returning Saturday.

Floyd Searle of Andover is in town, repairing the steamer Bobcat, of which he is to be captain the coming season.

Dr. E. E. Jones of Colebrook was in town last Friday.

Dr. E. C. Walker, V. S., of Norway was in town Saturday, accompanied by Mr. John Kimball of Albany.

Edgar H. Brooks is going to Milan, N. H., to work for the Oxford Paper Co. in the sorting gap.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

Nowadays the medical leech has gone out of fashion, but 30,000,000 used to be employed annually in France and England.

Mrs. James McGowen, aged 28, of Tucker's Corners, a hamlet in New York State, recently gave birth to five children, all girls, and all are doing well.

A man who served a long term, in the Iowa penitentiary writes to his home paper that he is convinced crime does not pay, since he has lost \$16,800 he might have made working at his trade, while the property he stole brought him only \$87.

A remarkable discovery has been made in County Mayo, Ireland, where a wooden boat believed to be nearly 2,000 years old, has been dug up by some laborers. The boat is beautifully carved from the trunk of an oak tree. It is forty-six feet long and shows absolutely no sign of decay.

A Japanese auction is a most solemn affair. The public do not call out their bids, but write their names, together with the amount they are willing to pay, on a slip of paper, and put it in a box. These are looked through and the article awarded to the person who has made the biggest offer.

It's the little colds that grow into big colds; the big colds that end in consumption and death. Watch the little colds. Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup.

E. W. Grover
This signature is on every box of the genuine
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets
the remedy that cures a cold in one day

Chronicles of the Latter Days.

NOTE.—The following account of a Fourth of July celebration in 1853, was written at the time for a paper which formed the chief literary entertainment of one of the "Sewing Circles," which were then auxiliary to every church. It will be of interest to the older readers of the Bethel News, and serve to refresh their memories of the occasion.

Now it came to pass in the first year of the reign of King Franklin, that the dwellers in the land of Greenwood, which ye pass as ye journey from Island Pond toward the Atlantic, said one unto another, "Behold, now let us gather ourselves together on the 4th day of the seventh month of this year, according to the custom of our forefathers. And let us celebrate the victories achieved over Intemperance here in our land; that the foul monster which has so long cursed our race is yielding to the strong arm of law, which is faithfully enforced, and that 'Watchmen' guard the interests of the Commonwealth throughout its various sections. And the 'Sons of Temperance' in numerous divisions, are making strong the battle array against him. Let us send tidings abroad and call together the friends of Temperance that we may rejoice together upon that festival day."

Now, therefore, the inhabitants in the land of Greenwood did greatly bestir themselves to make due preparation. And this thing which they purposed in their hearts to do, was printed and sent abroad throughout the whole kingdom. And the thing did please the people, inasmuch that upon the appointed day, they flocked thereto from all points of the compass in numbers not a few. Now, a ground had been prepared, whereon the multitude might be convened, and protected from the scorching rays of the sun, by overshadowing trees. A platform was erected for the speaker, and the principal men of the sanhedrim, high and lifted up, that they might be seen of all men. And also seats were constructed, and the people sat thereon.

Now, one Peck, a man mighty in word and deed, journeyed thither from the city of Portland, and spake unto the people even as he was desired. And it came to pass as the weighty truths were held forth by him in words of glowing eloquence, that stirred the fountain depths of men's souls, that one Phineas stood by, whose mind was shrouded in darkness and error; now this Phineas had long been a blind leader of the blind, and when he heard the words of Peck his anger burned within him, and he thought within himself, "What and if my feeble band of rummies listen to things and take heed to their ways, even as this Peck doth teach? Alas! I should be cast out of their synagogues and be despised and rejected of all men. What! shall I sink thus? I who have done so important service to my party? Shall my name never again be held up for nomination, the pride of the rummies?" And the more he thought of these things the more a great deal did he magnify himself, inasmuch that he thought to confute the teachings of Peck and thereby get to himself great honors in the sight of all the rummies, and be more firmly installed their leader than ever before. Thus exulting within himself over imaginary conquests, he opened his mouth and spoke contradictory words. And it came to pass that Peck answered all the objections of Phineas fully and clearly, though Phineas oft times interrupted him with questions concerning law and his doctrine whereby Phineas did make known his ignorance in the presence of all the people.

Now when Peck had made an end of speaking, some that stood by said unto Phineas, "Now ye go upon the platform and make a speech and we will give the money, even 100 pieces of copper." But Phineas stood erect and answering said, "Verily, verily I say unto you, I speak not for hire, neither will I ascend that polluted platform."

Now there was in the midst of the assembly, three fair daughters of the land, whose fame for singing had spread abroad throughout the kingdom, and it came to pass that they were oft called upon to entertain the people with their sweet harmony. And they sang songs of Temperance in strains of witching melody;

the rich, clear tones of their silvery voices, as they blended in perfect unison, woke the echoes from the surrounding forests, and fell upon the ear, like the unheard, but oft imagined music of the unseen world.

Now there had been much food prepared, lest the multitude should go away an hungered, and faint by the way. Tables many cubits in length were spread and the coverings thereof were of fine cloth, white as wool, and bordered round about with cedar, even the cedar of Greenwood. And upon them was placed unleavened bread and the choicest viands the matrons of the land could prepare, and ornaments of many colored flowers were strewn upon the tables and garlands were placed round about the dishes upon the tables. And the multitudes did eat, and were filled. The chief priests and elders of the people again ascended the platform, and toasts were given in honor of the kingdom and of the judicious laws enacted within the realm and of the wise men in the kingdom. And after each the people would open wide their mouths and shout aloud, and clap their hands for joy, and one arose and gave a toast this wise: That a Peck was a 4th part of a bushel, but here was the largest ever seen and found correct.

And Phineas also lifted up his voice and spake concerning the repeal of a certain law, which law was the pride of the kingdom. This raised the indignation of the multitude, inasmuch that they all with one accord did hiss at him, with scorn. And it came to pass when these things drew to a close, that a certain man that stood by placed his hand upon Phineas, and raising his eyes toward the chief priests and elders of the people, said with a loud voice: "Behold, now, let us render a vote of thanks to Phineas, for his attendance here this day, and for the interest he has imparted to the meeting." And the people said, "Amen."

Phineas as soon as he heard this, began to express his gratitude for the vote, but others rebuked him saying: "Nay, ye have not got it yet; the vote is not passed." Then Phineas answering said, "My gratitude is due him who made the proposition, and will ye tell me, O man, thy name?" And he answered and said unto him, "My name is Barker and I sometimes bite; though I seldom bark up the wrong tree." Then all they that stood by shouted aloud saying, "Hurra! Hurra!"

Second District Republican Convention

Will be held in City hall, Lewiston, Me., Tuesday, June 17, at 1:30 o'clock p. m., for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress to be voted for at the September election.

To select a district committee and transact any other business that may properly come before it.

The basis of representation will be as follows: Each city, town and plantation will be entitled to one delegate and for each seventy-five votes cast for the Republican candidate for Governor in 1900 an additional delegate and for a fraction of forty votes in excess of seventy-five a further additional delegate. Vacancies in the delegation of any city, town or plantation can only be filled by a resident of the county in which the vacancy exists.

The District Committee will be in session in the reception room of the hall at 12 o'clock m. on the day of the convention for the purpose of receiving the credentials of delegates. Delegates in order to be eligible to participate in the convention must be elected subsequent to the date of the call for this convention.

Per order Republican District Committee.

O. S. Crowell, Chairman.
J. W. Brackett, Secretary.

Buying a Churn.

The following points are to be considered in buying a churn, says M. H. Watts in Kansas Farmer: The most complete churning possible in a proper space of time—from one-third to one hour, according to the condition of the cream and room temperature—easy filling, emptying, examining and cleaning. The material of which the churn is made should be of some hard, close grained wood, made solid or firm and fitted with a suitable arrangement for warping. Each churn has its own working capacity, but is generally limited to about one-third its actual measure. Instantaneous churning is not advisable for the reason of too great a loss of butter fat in the buttermilk and an inferior quality of finished butter.

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It is never hard to keep a promise, if you promise only what can be fulfilled. When we say our

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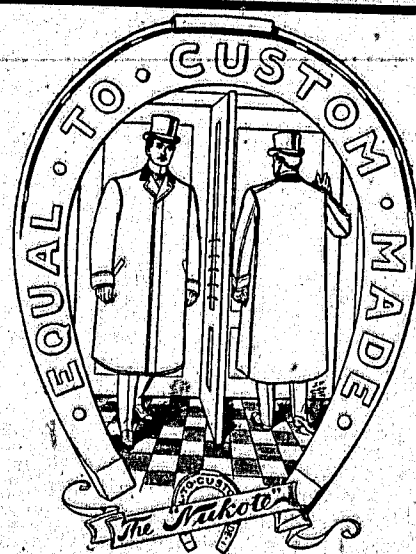
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